

F 74

.S5 S5

8
CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

OF THE

TOWN OF SHEFFIELD,
11

BERKSHIRE CO., MASS.

JUNE 18TH AND 19TH, 1876.

BY THE SECRETARIES OF THE COMMITTEE APPOINTED BY THE TOWN.

2.
2.
2.
—◆◆◆—
SHEFFIELD.

—
1876.
11



F74
S5S5

421.0
1

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
PRELIMINARY STATEMENT, - - - - -	5
THE PROCEEDINGS, - - - - -	9
SERMON, BY THE REV. ORVILLE DEWEY, D. D., - - -	18
SERMON, BY THE REV. CHARLES M. HYDE, D. D., - -	27
HISTORICAL ADDRESS, BY GEN. J. G. BARNARD, U. S. ARMY, -	42
APPENDIX TO HISTORICAL ADDRESS, - - - - -	61
ADDRESS UPON THE GROWTH AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, BY THE HON. ABRAM H. DAILEY, -	69
ORATION, BY GEORGE A. HOADLEY, - - - - -	94
REMARKS OF WILLIAM G. BATES, - - - - -	101

PRELIMINARY STATEMENT.

1776.

At a Town Meeting, legally called, held in Sheffield, Berkshire Co., Mass., on the 18th of June, 1776, Capt. William Day being chosen moderator, and Stephen Dewey being town clerk, the report of a committee, consisting of "Colo Ashley, Doctor Lemuel Barnard, Colo John Fellows, Colo Aron Root & Capt. Nathel Austin"—which committee was chosen "to draw a Resolve to send to the Representative"—was heard, and

"It was put to vote—Whether the inhabitants of the S^d town of Sheffield, should the Hon^{ble} Continental Congress in their wisdom think prudent and for interest and safety of the American Colonies to declare s^d colonies independent of the kingdom of Great Britton, they the inhabitants of s^d Sheffield will solemnly engage with their lives and fortunes to support them in their measures.

"Voted in the affirmative:

"Two dissent'g only

"WM. DAY, *Moderator.*"

1876.

At the Annual Town Meeting, held April 3, 1876, attention was called to the vote passed by the town on June 18, 1776, and on motion it was unanimously voted that the Centennial Anniversary of the day be observed in a fitting manner. Rev. Orville Dewey, D. D., Oliver Peck, M. D., J. Leland Miller, M. D., and Rev. Mason Noble, Jr., were chosen a committee to arrange for such a celebration as would properly commemorate the prompt and energetic patriotism of the fathers of the town.

The committee thus appointed made arrangements which, through the willing coöperation of our citizens, were duly and fully carried out. They at first met with some disappointments. F. A. P. Barnard, S. T. D., LL. D., President of Columbia College, was obliged, because of previous engagements, to decline their invitation to take part in the exercises. From Rev. Edmund S. Janes, D. D., Bishop of the Meth.

Epis. Church, a letter was received which is given below. Hon. Charles Dewey Day (grandson of the moderator of the town meeting, held June 18, 1776), of the Queen's Bench of Canada, was forbidden by the state of his health to deliver an address. As the committee did not feel willing to call upon any one to take part who could not be fairly reckoned a child of the town, they congratulated their townsmen that even the inability of such men as are here named to aid us, did not seriously interfere to prevent the proper celebration of the day. Not many towns of the small population of Sheffield have such men among their sons, and far fewer towns could have found other sons who could so worthily fill the places thus made vacant. Our most hearty thanks are due and are extended to the Rev. Orville Dewey, D. D.; the Rev. Charles M. Hyde, D. D., of Haverhill; Prof. George F. Root, Doc. of Music, of Chicago; General John G. Barnard, U. S. Army; the Hon. Abram H. Dailey, of Brooklyn; and Mr. George A. Hoadley, of Argyle, N. Y., for their presence and their labors in our behalf. In this connection, also, the name of Hon. Ensign H. Kellogg, of Pittsfield, should be mentioned, who, though prevented by his appointment by the United States government, as Commissioner under the Treaty of Washington, from filling a more prominent place upon the programme of the occasion, was present, and whose unique extemporaneous address was so greatly enjoyed.

The committee chose Rev. Orville Dewey, D. D., against his protest, president of the day. The chief marshal and the musical director were invited to be present, and to act, also, by the committee. A public meeting was held June 3, of which Mr. Zacheus Candee was moderator, and at which the necessary committees were chosen. The list of officers is as follows:—

PRESIDENT, Orville Dewey, D. D.

SECRETARY and TREASURER, Rev. Mason Noble, Jr.

MUSIC DIRECTOR, George F. Root, Doc. Mus.

MUSIC COMMITTEE, Hon. James Bradford, Frank Roys, William L. Abbott, Wm. H. Little, George B. Lee.

MARSHAL, Graham A. Root.

ASSIST. MARSHALS, S. Hopkins Bushnell, Hopkins T. Candee.

USHERS, Alfred H. Hoadley, Henry C. Clark, Levi H. Boardman, John Taft, Edward M. Holmes, Frank Smith.

LITERARY COMMITTEE, Miss Mary E. Dewey, Mrs. Henry H. Smith, Mrs. Mason Noble, Jr., Miss Eliza Sage, Miss Caroline H. Bradford, Miss Jenny M. Burr, Mrs. Benj. F. Phillips.

COMMITTEE ON FINANCE.

Harvey Roys,
Roscoe C. Taft,
Horace R. Bronson,
Henry H. Hoadley,
Horace Z. Candee,

Dwight Boardman,
L. Milton Merrifield,
T. G. Worthy,
Charles Fretts,
Eugene J. Vosburg.

COMMITTEE ON HOSPITALITY.

Henry Dutcher,	Seth Lee,
John D. Burtch,	Ralph Little,
Alvin Callender,	George Landon,
Heman Callender,	George Shears,
Charles O. Dewey,	Henry Suydam.
Cyrus French,	

COMMITTEE ON THE EVENING RECEPTION.

Horace D. Train, M. D.,	Ralston F. Little,
Charles Brown,	Theodore F. Miner,
Joseph W. Candee,	Charles Munn,
Frank P. Gleason,	Robert L. Taft,
George Kellogg,	M. John Smith.

COMMITTEE ON THE GROUNDS.

Leonard Tuttle,	Frank Crippen,
Mrs. Birdsey N. Burtch,	Albert W. Curtiss,
Mrs. Frank Curtiss,	Lawrence Hess,
Mrs. Henry Dutcher,	Henry Hudson,
Mrs. Ann P. Hamlin,	Asahel M. Little,
Mrs. Lewis S. Parsons,	John N. Munson,
Edward D. Andrus,	George D. Noble,
Frank O. Andrus,	James Roraback,
Myron W. Andrus,	Charles Spurr,
George Bartholomew,	Orrin Taft,
John M. Benjamin,	Jairus N. Warner,
Charles K. Brown,	Luther Winch,
George R. Cook,	William Wilcox.

COMMITTEE ON FLORAL DECORATION.

Mrs. R. Dwight Andrews,	Miss Mary R. Leonard,
Miss Julia Abbott,	Mrs. Ralston F. Little,
Mrs. Willis Bartholomew,	Miss Mary Little,
Mrs. Horace Z. Candee,	Miss Nellie Little,
Mrs. Hopkins T. Candee,	Miss Gertrude McMurray,
Miss Bessie H. Cooper,	Mrs. Frank Noble,
Miss Emma Clark,	Miss Lucia Peck,
Mrs. Frank Chapin,	Miss Kate Peck,
Miss Annie Chappell,	Mrs. L. Asher Robinson,
Mrs. Wright Crippen,	Miss Alice Sage,
Miss May Canfield,	Miss Lizzie Sage,
Miss Louise Dewey,	Miss Emma Stevens,
Miss Helen Field,	Miss Fannie Taft,
Miss Minnie Forbes,	Mrs. Robt. L. Taft,
Miss Martha French,	Miss Electa Tuttle,
Mrs. Grove D. Griffith,	Miss Lettie Tripp,
Miss Martha Hubbell,	Miss Miriam Train,
Mrs. John L. Hugins,	Miss Libbie Warner,
Miss Nellie Kellogg,	Miss Ella Wilcox,
Miss Lucy Kellogg,	Miss Lilian Wickwire. ¹

COMMITTEE ON THE COLLATION.

Mrs. Lucius Little,	Mrs. Joel H. Field,
Mrs. John Bacon,	Mrs. William S. Ferris,
Mrs. Levi Boardman,	Mrs. George Gorham,
Mrs. Edmund Boardman,	Mrs. A. Frank Hubbard,
Mrs. Bella N. Clark,	Mrs. George Kirby,
Mrs. Harvey Chapin,	Mrs. Alonzo R. Hurlburt,
Mrs. Mary A. Cowles,	Mrs. Albert Leroy,
Mrs. Marcellus Chapin,	Mrs. Stephen R. Miller,
Mrs. Adaline H. Cook,	Mrs. John Pease,
Mrs. Henry Coon,	Mrs. Harvey Roys,
Mrs. Albert W. Curtiss,	Mrs. Andrew J. Rider,
Mrs. Orrin Curtiss,	Mrs. Stephen B. Sardam,
Mrs. Zacheus Candee,	Miss Olive Saxton,
Mrs. Orrin Clark,	Mrs. Horace D. Train,
Mrs. Joseph G. Canfield,	Mrs. James Van Deusen,
Mrs. Henry B. Chapin,	Mrs. E. J. Vosburg,
Mrs. Charles O. Dewey,	Mrs. Wm. Warner,
Mrs. James N. Dickson,	Mrs. Theodore C. Wickwire.
Mrs. Luther Winch,	

How well these committees performed their duties, the perfect success of the celebration in every particular told. It would be invidious to mention the special labors of individuals, but it would be unjust not to allude to the continuous hard work so cheerfully done by the ladies and gentlemen who arranged and distributed the collation at the Hall—the weather having disarranged all their plans—and also to the efficiency and ability shown by Mrs. Eliza Curtiss (whose name is not mentioned above), who assisted in the decoration of the church, and to the willing aid rendered by Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Bushnell and Mr. M. J. Smith in the same work.

The list of committees is here given exactly as it was then made out, except that the names of Harvey Roys and Miss Annie Chappell are substituted for those of Abner Roys and Mrs. A. M. Little, according to an arrangement made between themselves. Some of these persons were unable or declined to serve, and some were, as always, more abundant in labors than others. But it is not thought best to attempt to revise the lists. No one was given authority to do so, and to correct them properly would be to add to them, until almost a directory of the town was made out.

THE PROCEEDINGS.

SUNDAY, June 18, 1876.

It was one of those "rare days of June." The congregation gathered early, and soon filled the old church, seats, aisles, galleries, and vestibule; in all its hundred and sixteen years the old building has, probably, never sheltered so many persons in one day. "The appearance of the church in its floral decorations was charming to every beholder. Much credit is due to the floral committee, and to Mrs. Andrews especially, who superintended the work of decoration. Festoons of evergreens encircled the church, falling gracefully between each cluster of lamps, over which flags were placed, adding much to the beauty of the whole. Between the higher windows handsome wreaths were suspended; high up and behind the pulpit a fine portrait of Washington was placed, surrounded by flags of the Union, which owes so much to him, the Father of our Country. The pulpit was handsomely decorated with flowers; on the front hung a wreath, and just below, two stars in red, white and blue flowers; at each side of the desk were the dates, 1776-1876, all made in flowers, and very ingeniously constructed, while on the table below rested a beautiful harp of flowers. Fifty vases of flowers were placed in various parts of the church, and fragrance and beauty were everywhere found. The organ was removed from the gallery for this occasion, and placed on the right of the pulpit, the choir facing the congregation, Dr. Geo. F. Root presiding at the organ."

—*Connecticut Western News*, for July 23, 1876.

The service began with a Prayer of Invocation, offered by Rev. Mason Noble, Jr., the pastor of the church.

The choir then sang the anthem (arranged by Prof. Root), "Let the people praise Thee, O God! let ALL THE PEOPLE praise Thee. O, let the nations be glad and sing for joy, for Thou shalt judge the people

righteously, and govern the nations upon earth. Let the people praise Thee, O God! let ALL THE PEOPLE praise Thee."

The whole congregation rose, and joined in singing the long metre Doxology, and the hymn written for the occasion by Mrs. Luella Dowd Smith:—

H Y M N .

I.

Where once men spoke with fear and dread,
We welcome you with joy to-day;
The sunshine breaks upon our head,
The clouds of war have passed away.

II.

That we might reap these brighter days,
Our fathers sowed with toil and tears;
We speak their name with thankful praise,
And bless them for these hundred years.

III.

May we but live our lives as well—
Devoted to the true and free;
Another hundred years shall tell
How we have prized our liberty.

IV.

God bless our land! fair freedom's land!
Protect her from all ways of guile;
Teach her by night to trust Thy hand,
Teach her by day to seek Thy smile.

The following letter was read:—

NEW YORK, *April 25, 1876.*

REV. MASON NOBLE, Jr., Sec., etc.

DEAR SIR:—Your favor of the 6th inst. came to my residence in my absence.

I am compelled to decline your courteous invitation to attend the centennial celebration of my native town on the 18th of next June, and take part in the services. The Quadrennial or General Conference of my Church holds its session next month, and my official duties, during and immediately subsequent to its session, will render it very difficult, if not impracticable, to comply with your request. My family is so greatly

afflicted that my leaving them would be of questionable propriety, and my own health is so poor at this time that I cannot take any public service which I do not feel to be an imperative duty. I regret very deeply my inability to be with you on that patriotic and most interesting occasion.

I glory in my geographical birthright. I have always been proud of my native town, of my native country, and of my native State. No commonwealth in the grand galaxy of the States has done more for itself, for the Republic, and for mankind, than has Massachusetts.

If Sheffield is not the best town in the State, it is to me the dearest one.

I shall be with you in spirit during your celebration, and shall pray that the exercises of the occasion may strengthen the patriotic and religious sentiments of the people.

Very truly yours,

EDMUND S. JANES.

A passage from the Bible was read by the Rev. Philip Germond, Pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Prayer was offered by the Rev. Charles M. Hyde, D. D.

The anthem, "Praise waiteth for Thee, O God, in Zion," was sung by the choir, and choir and congregation united in the familiar hymn,

"Praise to Thee, Thou great Creator."

The sermon (given hereafter in full) was then preached by the Rev. Orville Dewey, D. D.

Dr. Dewey led the congregation in prayer.

The choir sang the anthem, "The Lord reigneth, He is clothed in majesty," and the congregation joined with them in the hymn,

"Come, sound His praise abroad ;"

and the morning service was closed with the Benediction, pronounced by Dr. Dewey.

The afternoon service was, perhaps, not so densely crowded, but the congregation was hardly perceptibly smaller.

The service began with the reading of Scripture by the Rev. Mr. Noble.

The choir sang the anthem, "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord," and all united in the hymn,

"Ye tribes of Adam join."

Prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Germond.

The anthem, "All power is given unto Me," and the hymn, "All hail the power of Jesus' name," were sung.

Rev. Charles M. Hyde, D. D., then preached the Sermon (printed in full in this volume), and led in prayer.

The choir sang the anthem, "The Lord bless thee, and keep thee," and the congregation united with them in singing,

"Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing,"

and the Benediction was pronounced by Dr. Hyde.

The evening service was one of praise, prayer and conference, conducted by Mr. Noble, according to a programme arranged by himself and Prof. Root. It consisted of congregational, choir, quartette and solo singing, Scripture reading, Scripture reading with responses by the choir and congregation, prayers, and remarks. Prayers were offered by Rev. Norman Kellogg, of Sheffield; Rev. Stephen Bush, of Waterford, N. Y.; Mr. Levi Warner, of New York; and Mr. Robbins Burrell, of Sheffield, Ohio; and brief remarks were made by Mr. Noble, Mr. Warner, Prof. Root, Rev. Dr. Hyde, and Rev. Mr. Bush. The Benediction was pronounced by Rev. S. P. Parker, D. D., Rector of the Episcopal Church, Sheffield.

MONDAY, *June 19.*

Commenced with copious rain. All the morning the rain was poured upon the thirsty earth. It was greatly needed by the fields, and was thankfully received by our farmers; but it necessitated a total change in the prearranged order of exercises. Instead of the out-of-door gathering for which we had planned, it was necessary to continue all the exercises at the old church, and the procession we were obliged to omit.

Notwithstanding the rain, the church was filled to its utmost capacity before the exercises of the day commenced with music by the Stockbridge Cornet Band.

Rev. Orville Dewey, D. D., President of the day, presided, and introduced General John G. Barnard, who read the address upon Local History, published herewith.

The address was followed by singing, by the united choirs of the town, of a song, the words and music of which were written by Prof. Geo. F. Root, in view of this occasion, and which was, at this time, first sung in public. The solo was sung by Prof. G. W. Stevens, of Watertown, New York. It is to be regretted that we cannot give the music here. The words are as follows:—

DAY OF COLUMBIA'S GLORY!

CHORUS.—Day of Columbia's glory!
 Crown of a hundred years!
 Now we may tell the story,
 Now, for the whole world hears!
 Yes, from the old, mighty nations,
 Ring out, in honor of thee,
 Welcomes and congratulations,
 Birthday of Liberty!
 Ring out in
 Welcomes and congratulations,
 Birthday of Liberty!

SOLO.—Far down through the years of the century gone,
 When the young star of Freedom burned dim and alone,
 'Twas this day, to the heart of the patriot so dear,
 That revived dying hope, that repressed rising fear.

CHORUS.—Welcomes and congratulations,
 Birthday of Liberty!

SOLO.—The day that renewed the recorded decree,
 "This land we declare Independent and Free,"
 And the long years rolled on, the clouds passed away,
 And Heaven's light now gilds our CENTENNIAL DAY!

CHORUS.—Day of Columbia's glory!
 Crown of a hundred years!
 Tell once again thy story!
 Tell, for the whole world hears!
 Hark! how the glad salutations
 Ring o'er the land and the sea,
 Peace and good-will from the nations,
 Columbia, beloved, to thee!
 Columbia! Columbia!
 Columbia beloved, to thee!
 Hear the glad salutations,
 Peace and good-will from the nations,
 Columbia, beloved, to thee!

Hon. Abram H. Dailey, of Brooklyn, was then introduced. His address is printed in this volume.

After music by the band, all those present, not residents of Sheffield, were invited to adjourn to the Town Hall, and partake of a collation. Then occurred our only opportunity to estimate the numbers present, but the estimate is, at best, a rough one. The Hall will seat considerably more than three hundred, and was filled three successive times. Quite a number of residents in the outskirts of the town, however, accompanied their guests to the Hall, and quite a number of visitors from abroad

accompanied their hosts to their homes in the village. The ladies of Sheffield proved themselves fully equal to all demands made upon their hospitality, and from the Hall bushels of untouched provisions were returned to the donors, or given to the poor. To those ladies and gentlemen who cheerfully banished themselves from attendance upon the exercises of the day, that they might do the necessary work at the Hall, the thanks of their fellow-citizens are due.

After an intermission of an hour and a-half, the audience was again called together at the church, by the music of the band.

Mr. George A. Hoadley, of Argyle, N. Y., was then introduced, and delivered the oration printed herewith.

Following the oration, a Centennial song—music by General Barnard—was sung by a quartette, consisting of Misses Addie and Minnie Field, and Messrs. A. R. Hurlburt and Robert Cone.

The words, composed by an accomplished Sheffield lady (adapted to music previously composed), are as follows, remarking that it was contemplated that the gathering should have been under the “old trees” of the Pine Grove, adjacent to the village:—

SHEFFIELD CENTENNIAL SONG.

I.

Summer is here,
 Breezes blow soft,
 Birds fly aloft;
 Happy are we!
 Merry our cheer
 On this bright day,
 Singing away
 Beneath the pine tree.
 Here we have come,
 From far and near,
 This Centennial year;
 Happy are we!
 Sheffield's our home
 And at her call
 We meet friends all,
 Beneath the pine tree.

II.

In days of old,
 Strong for the right,
 Our sires did unite,
 So made us free.
 Let us then hold
 Sacred the gift,
 And our hearts lift
 Beneath the pine tree.
 Here we have come,
 From far and near,
 This Centennial year;
 Happy are we!
 Sheffield's our home,
 And at her call,
 We meet friends all,
 Beneath the pine tree.

• CHORUS.—Sheffield's our home,
 Ring out the song
 Cheerful and strong
 Beneath the pine tree,
 The old tree, the old tree,
 The jolly old tree,
 Ring out the song around the pine tree.

The account of the further exercises of the day is taken almost *verbatim* from the *Berkshire Courier*, of June 21, the editor of which paper was present, and published a report of the celebration from notes taken on the spot.

Mr. Stevens sang a solo, "Two Hundred Years Ago," which was applauded to the echo, and only by reason of hoarseness was he allowed to be excused from responding to the *encore*. After more enlivening music by the band, the venerable chairman, Dr. Dewey, said: The assembly is to celebrate a remarkable town meeting, and that this celebration is a certain sort of town meeting itself, and he proposed the participants should exercise the rights and privileges of such meetings to speak if they desire, or not, as they chose. He also recognized the right of the presiding officer of a town meeting to call out such speakers as he may desire to hear from. Many a man would prefer to pay the stamp tax our forefathers made so much objection to, than to get up and speak in public. But that nobody should have occasion to say they did not have opportunity, he would call upon nobody—or rather upon everybody—to speak.

Dr. Peck, who was moderator of the town meeting at the outbreak of the rebellion, in 1861, said, only two men voted against giving money for war purposes. (A singular coincidence, as the record shows that two men voted against the resolution passed June 18, 1776.) Norman T. Leonard, of Westfield, corrected the historical statement, relative to the religious societies of the town. (Mentioning the fact of the early organizations of an Episcopal Society, which soon became extinct.) He recalled a "peace meeting," when peace was declared—in the last war with Great Britain, we believe—when one man, of peaceful proclivities, said: "Peace! and he who does not want peace, ought to be rammed into yonder cannon, for wadding!" He thought it was time for peace in our country now. Alluding to a statement in one of the addresses touching the abolition of slavery, Mr. Leonard said: "In the presence of that open Bible, when the Southern men say they did right in holding their servants as slaves, it is not in my heart to differ with them."

By special request of the chairman, Dr. Dewey, made at the suggestion of the "Literary Committee," Harry Hillyer Brigham, a lad of about a dozen years, a son of the late Wm. Brigham, and great-grandson of Gen. John Ashley, one of the first settlers of the town of Sheffield, and from whom the village of Ashley Falls took its name, spoke a centennial piece, which was very finely rendered, with clear voice, perfect enunciation, and graceful gestures.

Ensign H. Kellogg, of Pittsfield, next made a speech that was the spice and seasoning of the entire literary feast. It was full of anecdotes and personal memories of the old-time folks of Sheffield. He said: As a son

of the grand old town, he could not fail to express his enjoyment in the celebration, which, as he expected, would be characteristic of the generous hospitality of the town. Not many towns in the State have such a record as that expressed by the vote of one hundred years ago, and it was well to rejoice over it. He recalled the old edifice, as it appeared in his boyhood days, with its high-backed seats, in which he could hardly see the minister, and could not see the girls at all. He always thought that was the reason why they changed the style of seats. How well he remembered the girls of those days, but could not name them, for matrimony had played havoc with their names. He used to think that Col. Fred. Root—and a grand old fellow he was—when he used to march into the church, and take his seat as leader of the choir, and take up the pitch-pipe, was the biggest man in the world. Training-day called up a myriad of reminiscences of the sports the boys had at those times. He told of the “stint” the boys must first accomplish, to attend the election parade, and of the beans they planted in a woodchuck’s hole to gain time. It was a great thing to see Gen. Whiting ride down from Great Barrington on his spirited horse, as Inspector-General, arrayed in all the glory of buff, and all the blazonry of brass buttons. Darby, the “Guinea nigger,” was also recalled; how he used to relate his being brought a slave from Africa. Darby was an artistic agriculturist. He would plant a field of corn, put beans beside the hills, plant potatoes between the hills, and then sow the whole field to buckwheat. When the corn came up, he used to pull out the largest sprouts to give the little ones a chance to grow. One by one he called up the “characters” of forty-five years ago, and kept the audience in good humor for over an hour with the amusing reminiscences.*

* In answer to our request to put in writing the substance of his remarks, Mr. Kellogg makes the following reply.

While regretting that it should be so, it must be admitted that to “write it out” as ’twas spoken, would be like attempting to catch the effervescence of the champagne goblet, or to fix the hues of the rainbow:—

PITTSFIELD, Mass., *Aug. 19th*, 1876.

MY DEAR SIR:—

Since I received your recent letter, I have been looking at the matter of writing out what I said at the Centennial Celebration. I find it was of so desultory and conversational a character that I cannot give it as ’twas spoken, and the print would lose what little interest the original talk gave. I must, therefore, abandon the attempt. I hope I have not delayed the progress of the pamphlet.

Yours very truly,

E. H. KELLOGG.

Rev. MASON NOBLE.

Rev. Mr. Bush, of Waterford, N. Y., made a few remarks, as did also Hon. J. Z. Goodrich, of Stockbridge, and Wm. Root, of Sheffield, Ohio.

The day proved too short for our exercises, and when, because of the lateness of the hour, the "meeting" was compelled to adjourn, Hon. James Bradford, Wm. G. Bates, Esq., Rev. N. Kellogg, Hon. C. D. Day, and A. T. Roraback, Esq., of those invited by the committee, had not spoken, and a poem, written for the occasion by Mrs. B. F. Philips, at the invitation of the "Literary Committee," was unread. Many others were present, children or grandchildren of the town, from whom we would have gladly heard, but time was inexorable, and they and we must wait patiently until our next Centennial gathering.



THE EVENING RECEPTION.



In the evening the Town Hall was filled with ladies and gentlemen, some of whom were dressed in y^e ancient costumes of the land. One especially beautiful dress of solid brocade was sent from England 130 years ago, and was the wedding dress of Gen. John Ashley's wife, in 1769. It was worn Monday evening by a great-granddaughter of the bride, Mrs. Hamlin, of New York. There was a calash that was worn 80 years ago by Sheriff Root's grandmother, and many jewels, and other articles of old times. A musket was exhibited (by Dea. C. D. Sage) that was used at Bunker Hill. The evening reception was a grand success, and lasted into the "wee sma' hours."

SERMON BY THE REV. DR. DEWEY.

“Remember the days of old.”—*Deuteronomy*, xxxii, 7.

We turn aside from our usual religious meditations to-day, to remember the days of old; days in which we are interested not only as the people of this town, but which appeal to the wider sentiment of patriotism and love of country. But let us not think that we leave religion when we do so, least of all our Bible religion. This love of country, this feeling called patriotism, breathes through many a passage of our sacred Scriptures: in the writings of the old Hebrew time, in the recalling of its early records so frequent in the Psalms and Prophets, in the solemn adjuration, “If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning;” in that outburst of tender affection from the heart of Christ, when he said, “O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thee, even as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings!” Of such tenderness of patriotic feelings, I know no other record.

And well that it should be so. Our country is the home of our earthly existence; of all its affections, of all its ties of kindred and friendship, of all its joys and sorrows, of all its prospects and hopes. No soil on earth is like the natal soil, no fields are like those where our childhood has played, and our manhood labored; no ground as holy as that where we took our birth, and which shall hold our sleeping dust; where our children were born, and shall live after us.

Thus the fortunes of successive generations are woven together in that bond which we call our country, and nothing, in its future or its past, can be indifferent to us, till we are indifferent to ourselves. If we have a country; if there is here no such orphan of all nations as he who has no country; if there have been trials and vicissitudes and struggles in the days of old; if we have had ancestors who bravely met them, and deserve to be remembered, it is meet that we remember them now, and especially on this day. For on this day it was, the 18th of June, one hundred years ago, that our fathers in Sheffield stood up, in town meeting assembled, and passed the Resolve,—to state it in terms drawn from the Town Records,—that, “if the Continental Congress, in their wisdom, think prudent and for the interest and safety of the American Colonies, to

declare the said Colonies independent of the kingdom of Great Britain, the inhabitants of this town will solemnly engage, with their lives and fortunes, to support them in their measure."—Voted in the affirmative: it is added, "Two dissenters only."

This Resolution shows, in a pretty decisive manner, of what stock the people were. It was the Puritan stock. That town-meeting Resolve told of a lineage from men who, in England, a century earlier, stood up for civil liberty, and of those pilgrims from their country who chose that hard lot of exile, rather than submission to arbitrary power. It was from this that they fled who built the first homes in New England—English fugitives from oppression—not only the original pilgrim band that came to Plymouth, but those who followed them, and settled along the eastern coast; and it is their descendants who spread themselves over the valleys of the Connecticut and Housatonic. One of the first settlers of this town, who, with a company of associates, bought from the Indians the tract of land which now is Sheffield and Great Barrington, came by known and direct descent from a family that settled in Dorchester in 1633, only thirteen years after the landing in Plymouth.

No one, therefore, can trace our history, without giving a prominent place to the men of Plymouth and their successors. Let me, then, go back, and say a few words of them, in the first place.

What an enterprise was theirs! What an emigration not seen in the world since that, and with what trials and sacrifices was it carried out! It is good for their children to consider how, and why, and in what spirit they came. They came, not as the followers of Columbus to Hispaniola did, to seek for gold; not to find a home of ease and indulgence on some favored shore. They came to find rest for their souls, a refuge from persecution; a place for the free exercise of their religion and their conscience. And though they were fleeing from oppression and persecution, it was not in the spirit of anger, but of sorrow. Nothing can be more touching than the language of Francis Higginson, as he stood upon the parting deck, when the shore of his native land was fading from his sight. Lifting his hands, not in cursing, but in love and blessing, he said: "We will not say, as the old sectaries said, Farewell, Rome, farewell, Babylon; but, Farewell, dear England, and all the friends and brethren there." And they came, moreover, these men, not as mere roaming adventurers, for themselves alone, but for their children, for their posterity. Nothing was more remarkable in them than the spirit of self-sacrifice. The first sermon that was printed in this country (or in England for them—I do not know which), Robert Cushman's Sermon, had this for its text: "Let no man seek his own, but every man another's wealth," or welfare. Ay, *that* was a text to be delivered to this pilgrim company, one year after their arrival! delivered amidst

hardships, and sufferings, and sacrifices, that might seem to have gone far enough in that direction already.

And the whole sermon breathes the sentiment, nay, the language which I often find in their annals,—the noble language which was stereotyped in their mouths, and not only so, but imprinted upon their hearts, that they were willing,—this was what they said,—that they “were willing to throw away their lives, ay, to sink in the sands of that inhospitable coast, if they might be but stepping-stones for them that should come after.” It was no common hardihood, at the start, that led a small band of men to launch their frail bark upon a seldom traversed sea, for an unknown shore. That bark was freighted with the fortunes of unborn millions. Other vessels followed in its track and brought the germs of other like-minded communities, which soon lined the coast with rising towns, that in process of time sent forth families and companies which settled New England; and at length, New England settled and permeated the great West. It has carried with it its intelligence, its religion, its free schools, its churches, and planted them in the valley of the Mississippi. Some dim vision of this may have risen before the mind of those brave and far-seeing exiles, who left their native land to try what a new home and a new world might do for them and their descendants. But how far beyond all human probability at the time has been the fulfilment of their prophetic hope! Yes, at the time, not the prophecy of John, on the barren shore of Patmos, but with the shining isles of the Ægean Sea, and the neighborhood of nations all around him, was in circumstances half so full of dread and desolation. Bring up, if you can, the scene of their arrival before you. Look at that small and shattered vessel, not entering a thronged port, not surrounded by friendly sails, but *alone*; the only moving object that you can see, amidst the boundlessness of sky and waters.

What shore is it that she approaches, timidly seeking some inlet where her weary company may land—darkened by primeval forests, clouded by winter storms? Look at those sea-worn voyagers, as they crowd the frozen deck, vainly stretching their eyes to pierce the secrets of a world to them all mystery; the sea they had escaped on the one hand, and the wilderness they must encounter on the other.

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest, by the white waves' foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared:
This was their welcome home.

Home! Ay, home call it—though it is there that the burial-place of more than half of that sad company, swept off in a year, still lifts its mournful brow above the waters. Ay, home call it: the home it was of those

great hearts—all the home they had ; but dear to them—dearer than Cashmere or Araby the Blest—because it was the rock-bound shelter and resting-place of freedom. Yes, there lived, as it were, but a winter's day, the great progenitors of popular education, unshackled religion, and civil liberty, through a long line of ages.

I have thus endeavored to carry you back to our ancestors, the first settlers of New England, because their character has the most immediate bearing upon the event which we are assembled to commemorate. An event, I call it, though it was no great battle ; no great action for history to commemorate ; but, occurring among our fathers, it is of such interest to *us* that we think that we can do nothing less than to mark and note it, and take account of it as we do.

Our fathers, I say, and who were they ? Not far from us ; they were the grandfathers of some among us. There are family ties between us and them. Blood of our blood beat in their veins. They were men with affections like our own ; with interests, with cares, and anxieties, for one another, for their children, for all their earthly welfare ; such as we feel to-day. And with all this in their minds and hearts, they solemnly resolved, in town-meeting assembled—not waiting to be called upon, they *volunteered*—the resolve to take up arms for the common cause, when occasion should call for it.

The significance of that event, it is true, is not confined to us. All over New England the same spirit prevailed ; and in many places, as from here, men were mustered to be sent, and *were* sent, to join Washington's army, in Cambridge. Yes, the war of the Revolution was already begun ; blood had been shed at Lexington, and Concord, and Bunker Hill ; a British army had occupied Boston.

All this was before the eyes of the men of Sheffield, when they devoted their lives and fortunes, in solemn pledge, to the common cause. We are apt to see things, and especially events in history, in the abstract ; we hear of things that are done far away from us, in time or place, but, having no personal part in them, they do not come home to us, and we do not *know* them. Their "*lives and fortunes*," these men said. It was the language of the day—of a now by-gone day. It passes over our minds, perhaps, as mere language ; and we do not understand what it meant. But it was life, indeed, and life's fortunes, that were staked on that issue. Oh ! that call to arms !—ever must it strike deep and fearfully into the heart of any community—that call which summons fathers, sons, brothers, friends, lovers, to the bloody fight, there, perhaps, to die for their country. We have ourselves known what that call is, and how it was met. We know how it stirred every drop of patriotic blood to meet it. Bonaparte is reported to have said : "The conscription"—*i. e.*, the summoning and compelling a part of the people—one, perhaps, out of every family—to go into

the army,—“the conscription,” he said, “is the everlasting root of a nation.” I do not know, certainly, what he meant by that. It may have been a mere military *dictum* of the great captain; his way of saying that no nation can stand and last, unless it constantly arms for war. But I conceive that his thought may have gone deeper. It may have been that this constant call of a nation to arms—this taking of one from every family, to stand ready and prepared to put his life in peril for his country—tested and tried every heart in society, as nothing else could, and thus appealed to that courage, and manliness, and self-consecration, without which a nation can not stand, or grow, or prosper, or *live*.

That appeal the fathers of New England were prepared to meet. And what prepared them for it? Remember that no order of the government enrolled them for the conflict; no forced conscription, but their own free resolve. And, again, it was not mere military invasion that they resolved to withstand; but the invasion of their rights; the arrogance of power; unlawful taxation; the imposition of customs and of laws, without their consenting or being consulted. It was a case of such manifest wrong, that some of the noblest men in England—as Burke and Chatham—took their part, and spoke nobly of the justice of their cause.

But what, I repeat, prepared them to take the stand they did, for their rights and liberties? What but the spirit that was breathed into them by hereditary descent? Suppose that they had come of a different stock; suppose that Spain had colonized the rock-bound coast of New England; that a company of selfish adventurers had come here, caring and seeking for nothing but gold; ready to crush down to slavery, misery and death, all that stood in the way of their unholy greed; caring for no rights but the right to plunder. No picture in history is more mournful than that—the Spanish invasions of Hispaniola, and Mexico, and Peru—the turning all of those fair regions into blood and desolation—the crushing down of the simple and innocent natives, by ten thousands, into slavery—wasting away their lives in the hard toil of mines, or sweeping them away in bloody and ruthless wars, like those of Vasco Nunez, and Cortez, and Pizarro, till scarcely any of them were left to tell the miserable story.

Suppose, I say, that the first settlers of this country had been like them, where, then, had been a people like our fathers, to stand up for the rights of man? No, not Spanish, but English blood—blood like that of Hampden and Cromwell—beat in the hearts of our fathers’ sires. From that came the spirit which would not submit to oppression; which was ready to take up arms against the strongest power in the world, in defence of the right.

Or suppose that Norsemen, people from the north of Europe, had come here, as they might have come, did come, centuries before; suppose that, instead of the intelligence and devoted religion which the Mayflower and

its successors wafted to this shore, a wild and ignorant barbarism had been brought here,—where, then, had been the care for education that planted schools here, that, eighteen years after the landing at Plymouth, laid the foundation of Harvard College? Where had been the political culture that made laws; that gathered the people into associated action for the common weal; that organized our town-meetings—the primary schools of our free government? “A people, when assembled in a town,” says an eminent writer, “is far more formidable than when dispersed over a wide extent of country.” Dispersed our people would have been, if they had been descendants of an uncultivated horde from Norway or Greenland. Then no such resolve would have been sent up to the Continental Congress, as that which went forth from Sheffield and other incorporated townships. They were Englishmen, I repeat, who came here, and they had among them a full measure of the culture of their native land. They were ready, and their children were ready, to stand up for their liberty, as their fathers had stood at Marston Moor, Dunbar, and Worcester.

And war with *them* was not the end, as it would have been with roaming tribes, but the *means*; the means of building up a free state; of laying the foundations of education, law, and a sound civil polity. And their zeal, firmness, and decision, in the cause for which they took up arms, were such as became the children of the elder fathers of New England.

What that spirit was in this town, is well evinced by an anecdote which I will take the liberty to relate to you. It was told me by a venerable officer in this church, whom some of you, perhaps, will remember—Deacon Callender. It was what he witnessed when he was a boy, on the 4th of July, now a century ago. A liberty-tree had been set up here, as in many other places. The very night following, it was cut down. The news of this outrage spread through the town, and the next day the whole population came together, in a state of the utmost excitement and indignation, to see to this thing, and to find who had done it. At that time, as you well know, there was a class of men in New England, and in this whole country, who were called Tories, who stood aloof from the great popular movement; who took the side of England, and counselled submission, rather than resistance, to her mandates. Many of them were persons of property and high social position. One such person was here, who had been for a considerable time a prosperous merchant, and from his known sentiments it took but little time to fasten the charge upon him, nor did he deny it.

The question then was, what should be done with him, to avenge the insulted honor of the town, and of the liberty to which it was pledged. And this was the decision: that all the people should stand in two rows, and that between them the offender should pass, and, taking off his hat to

every individual as he passed, should say, "I ask your pardon." "And," said my aged informant, "though I was but a little boy of ten years old, Dan Raymond took off his hat, and asked my pardon." And then, having ascertained who was the person that he had procured to cut down the liberty-tree, they dressed him in a coat of tar and feathers, put him upon a bareboned horse, and compelled him to ride through the whole street, and to stop at every house, and ask pardon for what he had done.*

I have taken the liberty, justified, I hope, by the occasion, to give you this relation, because it shows, better than any terms of general statement could, what was the spirit of the fathers of this town of Sheffield. It is, next to the event which we celebrate to-day, the most remarkable fact in our Sheffield annals. That such a man as the principal offender should have been made to pass through that gauntlet of humiliation, shows that he saw a spirit in the people around him that was not to be trifled with. They could not fine him, nor put him in prison—there was probably no law for either—but that gauntlet they could make; that singular amend they could exact, with a sort of grim entertainment mixed with their indignation; and they did it.

I have thus attempted to tell you something of the story of that elder time and conduct which we have met together to recall, and remember; of the character, the spirit, and feeling, of the men who, one hundred years ago, stood up here to resist oppression and wrong; and, with this view, I have gone back to the original settlers of the country, from whom they drew their birth and breeding.

But why, on the whole, and briefly to sum up the matter,—why should we commemorate that action of the town, which we think it right to signalize with religious services and discourses, and which we propose, more especially in secular fashion, to celebrate to-morrow? Why shall we meet together and call upon our townsmen, residing in different places, to join us in this Centennial celebration?

Because it is fit and becoming thus to remember our fathers—fit toward them, and becoming for us. They who do not remember and revere their ancestors who have done worthy deeds, are not likely to leave a posterity that will be worthy of being remembered. It is, therefore,

* DAN RAYMOND—his name was Dan, not Daniel—was for many years a man of note and high standing in the town. His name first appears on the town records at the date of his marriage to Anne Noble, July 19, 1763. In 1770 he was chosen to a minor town office. In 1772 he was chosen constable. From the record one is compelled to conclude that the "Sheffield Tory" met with a change of heart, for, in 1780, he was chosen assessor, and a member of the "committee to adjust town debts," and "overseer of the work-house," and *chairman* of a committee to engage recruits for the Continental army. Moreover, his third son, born November 1st, 1783, was named George Washington Raymond.—[M. N., Jr.]

not only fit, but it concerns our own character, and the character of our children, that we should do it; that we should thus *take, and leave to our children*, an impression which is good for us and for them. It is an advantage in aristocratic countries, that noble families, who have acted a distinguished part, should, in their permanence, carry down the recollection and incitement of high, historic virtues. We have no aristocracy. All the more reason is there that we, the whole people, should take care of these treasures of the olden time; that we should take upon our hearts, and keep alive within them, the memory of our fathers' virtues.

Not that we have anything extravagant to say of their merits. They were good men and true, who stood in their lot, and did the duty of the hour. And such a duty was it that I do not believe there was one low, mean, base person who said "Ay" to that manly resolve of a century ago. That "Ay," I have no doubt, was stoutly said. I have read an account, from a French traveller, of what he once witnessed in the Spanish Cortes, when a vote was taken, where every member of that body stood up, in peril of his life, and loudly proclaimed his decision. That action the writer commemorates as something very noble. There was no Cortes here, but a simple town-meeting, and I say that *its* decision was noble. And all the less distinguished it was—all the less parade and show there was about it, all the more reason there is why we should signalize and set it up for due honor. And if the thing then done, was done a century ago; if nobody now living remembers the men who did it; if only some of their names are known—and they even are passing away like shadows into the dimness of antiquity—let us do what we can to rescue them from oblivion. Let us say to one another, that we have had some good men and true in Sheffield; good men, ay, and good citizens, who have left us the heritage of their example,—a heritage which it is our part not only to hold in sacred remembrance, but to cultivate and to improve; to carry forward and to make better, every day, from this Centennial year, through the century to come.

And for this special and final reason, let us do what we are doing in these anniversary days, that we may take it upon our hearts as a hereditary pledge, faithfully, each one of us, to help build up in this land a society and government that shall be worthy to be called a great and example republic. All good men desire to see *that*—some happier condition of society, at least—a better world, justice, truth, purity, in rulers and people, all good men desire to see. The world is sighing for it. Sages, poets, philosophers, have dreamed of it. We, ourselves, alas! are lamenting that it is yet so far from being realized here. We are grieving over the violation of public trusts, and our own share in it, as citizens and voters. A tone of sadness mingles with our Centennial

rejoicings. Cannot something better be done? Cannot we begin to do it, and go on doing it, from this day? I will not exhort you to this, as preacher. Let me speak to you as dreamer, if you call me so—as a dreamer of dreams. Will not the time come for us better to understand what good citizenship is?

Yes, good citizenship; citizenship under a representative government—something far more than it is under arbitrary rule; far more than it is to keep the peace, to pay taxes, and obey the laws. Is it a baseless dream to hope that the time will come when a new view will be taken of our duties, as citizens of a free state; when we, the people who made the government, shall feel it as a sacred bond upon us, to make it a good government; when it shall no longer be a mere boast that we, the people, rule; no longer a theme for flattering speeches of holiday orators, but a serious and deep conviction, that we must take the charge upon us, and see to it that we set up a righteous administration to rule over us; that we thoughtfully deposit our votes in those ballot-boxes, which are the fountains of power; that we thoughtfully give our suffrages, not to mere partisan politicians, but to the wisest and best men in our choice?

And to go down deeper into our common life. As we stand at the head of a new era, as we look forward through a century to come, may we not hope for constant improvement in every way; that there will be a rising intelligence; that there will be a more watchful care over the schools; that there will be provisions here for reading, and habits of reading and a good culture every way, which shall make happy firesides; which shall make all gross and fiery stimulants unnecessary; that there shall be a union of hearts and hands here, to make everybody happier, and, in fine, a raised tone of thought; a force of public opinion here that shall carry every thing higher and higher? *Can* there not be such a thing as a pure, honest, truth-loving, instructed, and wise community, where men shall dwell together as brethren; where no man shall take unjust advantage of his neighbor; where there shall be no false man, no fallen man, no slave of sense and passion; where virtue and religion shall flourish together, bringing the earth time and the eternal time into accordance, into one great and happy life; where love and purity shall come down from the holy heavens, and breathe through all affections of society? Blessed society! society of the beatitudes! I shall not see it; but the days, I trust, will come, when happier and better men shall see it—let us pray for *that*—the blessing, and gladness, and glory of coming generations.

SERMON BY THE REV CHARLES M. HYDE., D. D.

“HONOR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER, THAT THY DAYS MAY BE LONG UPON THE LAND WHICH THE LORD THY GOD GIVETH THEE.”—*Exodus xx, 2.*

The Providence of God has called us to His house to-day in fulfilment of a duty enjoined upon us by this word of God, “Honor thy father and thy mother.” In connection with the public observance of Divine worship, while we “remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy,” on this anniversary day we have special occasion to remember and honor also those to whose “house and lineage” we belong.

We do not meet merely to perpetuate the memory of the event that stands recorded in the annals of this town one hundred years ago to-day. Job might maliciously wish that his “enemy had written a book,” to be a perpetual monument of the shamefulness of wrong-doing: we are rightfully proud that for one hundred years the records of the town have preserved the remembrance of an honorable action, and for centuries to come will tell the story of humble devotion to a people’s imperilled liberties. Nor do we meet to repeat the names of the men who participated in the discussions and decision of the town-meeting held June 18, 1776. That would be to most of us, who have never seen or known the men themselves, only a lesson in pronunciation and enumeration. We do not meet to make proclamation of sacrifices and services, ourselves uninterested, unmoved. The herald’s trumpet gives to the reëchoing air its noisy blare, but noise is neither fame nor worship. It is only as we reproduce and perpetuate the principles which controlled the action of that day, the spirit which lived and breathed in those fathers of this town, that these memorial services will be of any value to us, or any honor to them. Thus shall we show higher regard for them than if we could

“Engrave their names on every star that shines,
Or write their story on the bright blue sky,
To be forever read by every eye.”

I do not propose to enter into any elaborate discussion of the principles which our fathers maintained, nor to give any exhaustive analysis of the spirit of independence that pervaded this community a century ago. But, reminding you that Thomas Jefferson was imbued with his ardent patrio-

tism by hearing Patrick Henry defending the dissenting ministers of Virginia, and that Patrick Henry himself had learned the true principles of human liberty from the preaching of Samuel Davies, may we not hope that some young hearts and minds among us to-day may be interested and profited by a succinct statement of some reasons we have for honoring our patriotic ancestry?

I. We honor our fathers, therefore, I remark in the first place, because *they were the advocates and representatives of the true principles of constitutional government in Church and State*. Not by man, nor of men, but by the direct revelations of Divine Providence did they receive the Gospel of political freedom. In the light that broke forth from God's Word, as they reverently trod the path of Providential duty, they learned not only what a Church of Christ ought to be, but also what are the rights and privileges of every Christian community. Not only did God "sift three nations that He might bring hither the finest of the wheat;" but He also prepared here the soil for the reception of the seed, and His providences of sunshine and storm were the processes by which it was developed and matured.

The Massachusetts Bay Company, under whose charter this region was opened to settlement, was originally a trading company, formed for purposes of commercial speculation. This trading company was, without any such original purpose, transformed under God's guiding hand into a civic brotherhood, strong in allegiance to right, formidable in its opposition to injustice. The English king apprehending no harm from the measure, those associated under the royal charter quietly transferred from England to this country their chartered privilege of holding annually a "General Court," or assembly of proprietors, for the election of a governor and assistants, and for the enactment of "laws not repugnant to the laws of England." Thus the colonists were trained from the very first to the exercise of self-government. While the clergy were studying questions of church polity, and settling articles of faith, the laity were investigating theories of government, and studying the principles of constitutional liberty.

Our fathers despised not the wisdom nor the experience of the past. The leading spirits of the Revolutionary period of our national history were scholarly men. Aristotle and Plato were their teachers in science and philosophy. Cicero and Cæsar were their instructors in the patriotism and valor of Rome. Luther and Calvin made them familiar with the elementary principles of the Christian faith, while, for practical applications of truth to the conduct of life, they could have no better models than such as English history afforded them. John Locke, and not the French *doctrinaires*, was in New England the accepted authority on questions of government. Our fathers profited by the study of these

writers, quite as much by avoiding their errors as by following their counsels. Treatises were written, and books on these questions of government were read, just as now the facts and theories of physical science furnish the topics for popular discussion and the books for special reading. In the Church, as well as the town-meeting, differences of opinion had arisen. These differences had been settled (so unreasonable and obstinate is human nature even here in New England) after years of jarring controversy. They had been settled, however, not by arbitrary authority, but by accordant recognition of the true principles involved. It is from precedent to precedent, each onward step based on some acknowledged truth, as well as warranted by some substantial advantage to be gained, that the liberties of our English-speaking people have broadened out into what we now find them to be in the institutions and usages of the constitutional monarchy of the mother country, and the constitutional republicanism of the United States.

The very word *Independence* was, in its original use, an ecclesiastical term. It was introduced into the English language by writers on Church government. In advocating as part of the Christian system the independence of every local Church, the fathers of our New-England Congregationalism gave a new word to the English language, as well as a new idea to the world. Our churches prepared the way for the action of the Continental Congress that, in its session at Philadelphia, one hundred years ago on the fourth of July, declared its reasons for affirming that these colonies "are, and of right ought to be, free and *independent* States." Such brief review of our nation's history as I have given, shows us that Independence Day should properly be regarded as the completion of our period of youthful immaturity, rather than as the beginning of our national existence. We attained our majority at that time, and began on our own responsibility our national life, independent of the mother country.

One other historical fact, connecting our Congregational Church polity with our national history, relates to the first suggestion of the union of the colonies. Rev. Jonathan Mayhew, of Boston, was invited to attend a council at Rutland. "Lord's day morning, June 8, 1766," he wrote a letter to James Otis. Alluding to the date, he remarks that it was "a good day for good thoughts," and goes on to say: "While thinking of the communion of churches, the great use and importance of the communion of colonies appeared to me in a strong light." Then he urges his correspondent to adopt some measures to carry out this idea. This was the first utterance, I believe, of the principle, "Liberty and Union," characteristic of our American institutions, State as well as Church. Out of this idea came the Committees of Correspondence, and the various measures taken, to organize some bond of fellowship between the different

townships and the different colonies. Through these committees, intelligence in regard to every new grievance, and the proposed measures of resistance, was communicated to every part of the country.

Our fathers appreciated the importance of fullest opportunity for the freest formation and expression of correct public opinion. This must ever be the true governing power in society. We give expression to it in ways different from our fathers. The daily newspaper is the most potent agency of our modern civilization in disseminating intelligence and inciting to action. Our Congressmen fear the reporter more than they do the policeman. Our fathers insisted on every citizen taking part in public affairs. They fined for tardiness or for non attendance at the town-meetings. In these meetings for free discussion, they learned to understand their rights and privileges as citizens, and acquired moral and intellectual strength to maintain them. The institutions of our American society are, as our history shows, no mushroom growth. The press, the platform, the ballot-box are the outgrowth of the principles of constitutional liberty that our fathers slowly learned to be true and right. We believe that our American institutions furnish the best means of national development, give the strongest assurance of national stability, because they have their foundation based on principles of eternal truth and immutable morality.

We do not claim that in their measures and methods our fathers were above all criticism. They made a mistake, for instance, we are free to confess, in insisting upon church-membership as a qualification for citizenship. That was only their way, however, of asserting the truth that, of right, knowledge has a controlling influence over ignorance, maturity of judgment over inexperience, integrity of character over vice and immorality. They outgrew that puerile notion about church-membership. In later years they abandoned also the notion, that a Church of Christ needs any direct support from the State. No taxation for Church expenses, for the maintenance of "the Standing Order," as our fathers called their church polity, would do for this house of worship, and for the ministry of religion, what your own voluntary contributions have done. Other mistakes our fathers may have made. But because, with the frailty incident to humanity, they sometimes staggered beneath the burden of new responsibilities, shall we mock them for their blunders, instead of honoring them for their fidelity to their convictions? The spirit that vents itself in profane ribaldry and unseemly jests about Puritan asceticism and Puritan bigotry, is the spirit of the mob that, on the way to Calvary, taunted the Divine Redeemer of men with unmanly weakness, because He fainted beneath the burden of the cross; and jeered the Almighty Saviour, as His heart broke in mortal agony, with their scornful derision of His claim to be the Saviour from sin.

II. "Honor thy father and thy mother." *For their personal worth of character, as well as for the relations which they sustain to us*, I remark, in the second place, ought we to be ready now and ever to do double honor to our ancestry. That they were our fathers, is in itself sufficient reason for filial reverence. Far distant be the day when the divine institution of the family shall ever be willingly set aside at the demand of a humanitarian philosophy, as frothy as it is shallow. The absolute equality of one human being with another is, in fact and reason, an absolute impossibility. Social differences there always will be so long as only one point can be the centre of a circle. Political inequalities, legislative iniquities, there need not be, so long as in a perfect sphere every point on the whole surface is equally distant from the centre. In declaring it to be a self-evident truth that "all men are created equal," the signers of the Declaration of Independence affirmed that the country in which a man was born, or his social surroundings, do not affect his manhood, make him any the less a man. They did not intend to deny the differing relations and fitnesses out of which arise our mutual obligations and our reciprocal duties. To set aside these mutual relations, to put children on an equality with parents, to deny all authority of one person over another, in order to do away with the distinction of priority and superiority, offices and services, is as absurd as it would be to level down these mountains that are the glory of this Sheffield landscape. Any endeavor to secure a uniform distribution of powers and privileges in human society, is as impracticable an undertaking as it would be to stop the earth's motion on its axis, that there may be no night with its darkness; or to stop the earth's motion in its orbit, that there may be no winter with its cold.

"Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land," is the Divine command, the first commandment with promise. Rightly interpreted, the text is the statement of a first truth in political science, that the prosperity of a people can be secured only by the observance of God's natural and providential appointments. Our fathers, who bequeathed to us the priceless heritage of constitutional liberty, were men who believed in God. The liberty they loved was liberty that comes from fulfilling God's laws; not the wild unreason that sets all law at defiance. They rightly sought in the Scriptures the true principles of national prosperity. We recognize in the text a fundamental principle in the divine constitution of human society. It is not an assurance of individual longevity on condition of filial obedience. We read, as a correlated Scripture truth, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it." We do not take this as a promise of absolute and universal success in training children to be pious, but as the statement of this general truth, that, if we train our children in accordance with the powers, opportunities, and fitnesses which

God in His providence has appointed for them, not in ways or for ends contrary to these, we may confidently expect them to continue in such a course, nature and grace working harmoniously in the same direction.

It was one of the many sage remarks of that eminent master of social philosophy, Edmund Burke, that "people who do not look back to their ancestors, will not look forward to their posterity." We look back to the exemplary piety as well as patriotism of our revolutionary ancestry; and to the continuance of like reverential regard for the will of God do we look for the continuance of our national prosperity. Human history is but the gradual unfolding of the Divine purpose. True philosophy recognizes this, seeks to know God's will more fully, to follow it more perfectly. Much of the modern tendency to put development in place of design in creation, arises from the unuttered sentiment that, if other creatures began their existence without a purpose, then we human beings may thus live. But our fathers were what they were, you and I are what we are, because of our connection with God's purpose. We can see a providential fitness in these Centennial celebrations at this particular juncture of affairs. We are not now, as a people, filled with the pride of success, as Nebuchednezzar was, when he walked in his gardens, unsurpassed by any previous royal magnificence, and exclaimed in his self-sufficiency, "Is not this great Babylon that I have builded?" We are not now as we were a few years ago, in our selfish greed driving, like Jehu, a mad race down to disaster and disgrace. Rather are we like one recovering from fever brought on by some over-indulgence, tottering as we try to take hold of the work of life anew. The providence of God is teaching us, as Hezekiah was taught, the lesson of our human weakness, and of our need of humble fidelity and purer spiritual-mindedness in the position we occupy.

We find ourselves to-day suffering under various incidental evils,—evils not attributable wholly to republican institutions, for the whole civilized world seems to be suffering in similar fashion. These evils would seem to be incidental to the present stage of the world's progress, like some of the troubles incident to childhood or puberty. Yet there is need for us to look back, and to ask if we have not departed from the true line of duty. In Christ's time, when society had become corrupt, and divorces were as common and as shameless as they are among us now, He turned back the pages of history as we do to-day, and said, "From the beginning it was not so." Such reflection from previous experiences throws a guiding light on our present condition, and marks the course of future duty. It is well for us, on occasion arising, to recur to those crises-times in human history, when humanity seems to reach a high-water mark of social attainment. Every year in the valley of the Nile, the people scan with eager scrutiny the pillar on which is marked the measured rise of

the spring-time floods. As the waters rise towards the level of former years or recede from it, so do the people anticipate, in accordance with their observation, a year of scarcity or one of plenty. Now that a swelling tide of patriotic memories,—a tide, it is to be hoped, that shall know no reflux wave,—is lifting us up to this point of observation, it is a question of grave import to us: Are we true to the record of our fathers; or, have we fallen back from their standard of character and duty?

It is well for us to revert to the lessons of the past, to revere the memories, as we recount the worth, of the men who achieved for us and for the world such a work as gladdens our hearts and homes to-day. Its results of good reach further and wider with every new period of advancing time. When we think of the material progress made in this last century, as exhibited in the Exposition at Philadelphia, we may say, with humble gratitude, not with proud complacency, in the words of the disciple who spoke to Jesus of the temple, how it was adorned with goodly gifts, "See what manner of workmanship and what buildings are here!" We have doubled our population every fifteen years, and doubled our wealth every ten years. The three hundred thousand colonists are now become forty millions of American citizens. How different are our feelings, desires, wants, from these that our fathers experienced one hundred years ago! Steam and the telegraph, in providing means of rapid transit and instantaneous diffusion of intelligence, have changed entirely our social system and our social problems. Fifty years ago one-thirtieth of our population dwelt in cities; now, one fifth.

Around the memorial pillar that commemorates our army's first baptism of fire, there gathered, a year ago last June, many forms of a dusky race, once wearing the fetters of bondage, now fellow-citizens with us and fellow-sovereigns by the grace of God in a land of universal freedom. Only within fifteen years have we thrown off the excrescence of negro slavery, which the citizens of Sheffield denounced in a town-meeting called for the purpose, more than one hundred years ago, February 25, 1774.* This summer's sun looks down on neither master nor slave throughout our wide domain. But we have, in the judgment of thoughtful men, exposed ourselves to great peril in extending so freely the right of suffrage. We have given opportunity to demagogism, and provided no sufficient check against its sway. We have made possible the ring, the caucus, the lobby, and have given ourselves over, bound hand and foot, to their domination.

* On Feb. 25, 1774, a "warrant" calling the annual town-meeting was issued, containing the following item:—

"10th to take into consideration the present inhuman practice of enslaving our fellow creatures, the natives of Africa." At the meeting, held Mar. 14, 1774, it was voted to defer action, the subject "being under the consideration of the general court."

—[M. N., Jr.]

"Oh! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
Th' eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king."

Who will be our Brutus to deliver our people from the rule of party, that has so debauched our political management, corrupted our officials, batten'd on our national life? Must our glorious ideals be inevitably debased in the wear and tear of public life? Must we accommodate ourselves to the existing state of things, and lower our standard of character and duty to what may seem the exigencies of the hour? Or, are we not ready now for a return to the Puritan idea, that it is righteousness, not wealth, not size, not strength, which alone exalteth a nation? Our fathers valued as highly the incorruptible integrity of Samuel Adams, as they did the liberal opulence of John Hancock. Are republics ungrateful? Or is it that human nature is more ready to show favor to those who humor its whims, than to those who have done it real service? Will the time never come when we shall have public officials such as we might have, if we would honor fidelity to trust, rather than fealty to party? Is it money that commands our suffrages, or partisan feeling that selects our candidates? Do we not believe that

"High worth is elevated place—'tis more :
It makes the post stand candidate for thee"?

Our fathers could not anticipate what should be the future of the country of whose institutions they laid the foundation-stones, and it was not the consequences of their actions that determined them to do as they did. There is a sublimity in their heroism, because of what it was in itself, not because of any display they made of themselves, nor because what they did had such influence for good over the destinies of succeeding generations and other nationalities. These men, in their coats of homespun, transacting church and town business in their rude meeting-houses, were engaged in noble work, far more worthy of perpetuation by historic pen or pencil, than the fine dresses and gilded magnificence of the courts of France and England. Rude in manners, uncouth in expression, they may have been, but they had more of true manliness than all the courtly reprobates of Parisian society have ever shown. It has of late become altogether too common to decry our New-England ancestry as wanting in true generosity of spirit, one-sided in their views of truth, severely ascetic in their ideas of life. The best refutation of such slanders is better knowledge of Puritan sentiments and methods, circumstances and achievements. With the impulse given this Centennial year to historical investigation, we may anticipate a more just and exalted estimate of the genuine worthiness of that generation, now passed away from earth, who incarnated in their lives such ideals of manly nobility and womanly

virtue, as we do well to revere. The largest portion of the Sacred Scriptures is historical, that we may know what constitutes true manhood and womanhood by study of personal experience, rather than by discussion of abstract principles. We know what elements make up the Puritan character, shown in determined adherence to the right, simplicity of purpose, reverence for spiritual worth. Ought not these to form our ideal of that manliness which should be desired and endeavored by each of us for himself, by each for all? I rejoice to believe that, on our fathers' loyalty to the right, we have grafted charity for error and ignorance. If our religious life shows not so much of that godliness that holds itself aloof from all iniquity, it shows more of that humanity which has learned Christ's lesson of the purifying and elevating power of brotherly, self-sacrificing love. We New-England Congregationalists have learned from our Baptist brethren that the largest liberty for the individual conscience is to be demanded, not dreaded. We have learned from our Methodist brethren, not to be ashamed of emotion in religion, and how to bring more of the gladness of heaven into the services of earth by giving fullest, freest expression to warm, joyous, grateful love. And our Episcopal churches, if they do have bishops and a liturgy, do, in their modes of worship, meet real human needs, and fittingly express human desires.

We ought, indeed, to go beyond our fathers in attainment, yet never away from their principles. For, of the character of our Puritan ancestry, a distinguished jurist has truthfully said: "We have no desire, like the nations of the Old World, to deduce our lineage from superhuman beings, or to clothe the sage and heroic spirits, who laid the foundations of our Republic, with the exaggerations of poetic minds. Like the Pantheon at Rome, simple, erect, severe, sublime, the bright atmosphere of truth only irradiates its bold and noble proportions, encumbered by no meretricious ornament, heightened by no illusion of fiction." Our fathers belonged to that order of souls which Milton describes—

" Who shine along the path of centuries,
In full and perfect brightness standing forth,
In their own loftiness the beacon-lights
By which the world is guided and held up
From its forever-downward tendency."

III. Honor is due our fathers, and this is the last reason I shall assign, because of *the sacrifices which they made in our behalf*.

The war of Independence was no mere faction fight,—two parties contending for political supremacy on no better grounds than that each claimed such supremacy. Such conflicts the world has too often seen. Such revolutions as a change of dynasties, when the sovereign power has passed from one family to another, history has often recorded. But the change wrought by the American Revolution was the introduction of a

new order of things, a marked epoch in the history of human society. The sovereign people by the grace of God took their proper place as the source and fountain of governmental organization and administration. In poverty and feebleness our fathers began the contest with the English government for the maintenance of their civil and religious liberties. The struggle resulted in originating and securing new and better forms of political administration. Old forms were followed, old usages maintained, with sturdy Anglo-Saxon conservatism, till providential circumstances set them aside as obsolete.

As one iniquitous measure after another was introduced by the constitutional advisers of the English monarch, resistance at first took the form of remonstrance. This town of Sheffield, in common with others, entered, again and again, on its records, most determined protests against the Stamp Act, the Tax on Tea, and the Boston Port Bill. When the English government began its arbitrary and impolitic measures of retaliation to destroy the commerce of Boston, Sheffield and other towns in the colony contributed to the support of the poorer people thrown out of employment in that city. With almost entire unanimity of sentiment, the people of Massachusetts were outspoken in their denunciation of the attempt to extort a revenue from the colonies for the support of royal extravagance and aristocratic pretensions. Some there were, who clung to a desperate hope of possible peaceful adjustment of matters in dispute. But the appointment of General Gage to be the governor, the seizure of stores at Concord, forced upon the people at last the sad conviction, that no resource was left but an appeal to the stern arbitrament of war. The battle of Bunker Hill was fought, the siege of Boston begun, and, gradually, public sentiment throughout all the colonies settled upon a declaration of independence as the next step to be taken.

While other colonies took other methods of giving expression to public sentiment, and North Carolina was the first to pronounce in favor of independence, Massachusetts, with the usual calm, deliberate determination that characterized her action, called for an expression of opinion from the whole people through special town-meetings.* It was in response

* On Friday, May 10, 1776, the last day of the session held at Watertown, we find this entry on the Journal of the House of Representatives:—

“Resolved, as the opinion of this House, that the inhabitants of each town in this Colony ought to advise the Person or Persons, who shall be chosen to represent them in the next General Court, whether that if the honorable Congress should for the safety of said Colonies, declare them Independent of the Kingdom of Great Britain, they the said Inhabitants will solemnly engage with their Lives and Fortunes to support the Congress in the measure.

“Ordered, that Mr. Cooper get the foregoing Resolve printed in the several News Papers as soon as possible.”

The action taken by the several towns was, in nearly every instance, favorable to a

to this call of the House of Representatives, that, at the town-meeting in Sheffield, June 18, 1776, that action was taken in favor of independence, which we commemorate on this anniversary day.

That was no meaningless expression of sentiment, when, with such unanimity, our fathers pledged "their lives and fortunes" to their country's cause. Independence, civil and religious: Independence, no official between any man and his God. Independence, no royal prerogative between the people and the power they wished to exercise for God and for humanity in such ways as seemed to them just and expedient: Independence, and only this, was an object grand enough to call forth the devotion, to enlist the sympathies, and command the coöperation of all the people of all the colonies. It was really for independence, though not at first so designed, that the conflict was begun at Lexington, transferred to Boston, organized for victory at Philadelphia, successfully ended by the Treaty of Versailles. The American colonies could no longer be regarded as the brightest jewel in the crown of England's King. The United States of America were recognized as one of the sisterhood of nations: a nation, not a province: a nation, not a government.

"Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye.
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm which hurls along the sky."

Enjoying to-day the gladness that brightens this beautiful valley and the peace that seems assured to us by these guardian hills, which lift themselves in such stately grandeur, yet seem also to bend toward us in holy benediction, let us not forget the self-sacrifice displayed for their country's sake, for our sakes, by our worthy sires. The birthday of American Independence was

"Not in the sunshine and the smile of heaven,
But wrapped in whirlwinds and begirt with woes."

War, on however grand a scale, for however noble an object, is an evil to be endured, not a state of things to be admired and desired. One-fourth of the militia of the town were, in 1775, set apart as minute men, receiving regular training every week. Soldiers had been enlisted and were in service. One in seven of all the male inhabitants over sixteen years of age, was called for. Two additional regiments of soldiers were raised in June, 1776, in Berkshire County. The first regiment was raised from this southern tier of towns. The Colonel was Mark Hopkins, grandfather of the well-known and honored President of Williams

declaration of independence. John Adams was thus enabled to assure the Continental Congress that the people of Massachusetts would support the measure which he so eloquently advocated, and so persistently urged.

College. Massachusetts furnished one-sixth of all the soldiers in the Continental Army. The spirit of the people was equal to every demand whether for men or money, clothing or beef, horses or military stores.

As Washington says in his Farewell Address, "While just government protects all in their religious rights, true religion affords to government its surest support." The ministers of New England were active, all through the war, in kindling the enthusiasm and calling out the energies of the people. They would tell their hearers that they "saw too many men at home, when the country needed them in the ranks of the army:" or, that "God would take care of the people's liberties, if they would take care of the red-coats." One Sunday morning a minister read an account of the sufferings of our soldiers in Canada. That afternoon not a woman was at church. In place of the usual Sabbath stillness was heard the busy hum of spinning wheels. Before many days, the soldiers in Canada were rejoicing over the stockings and other garments those Christian women began that Sabbath afternoon to prepare.

Sometimes the parson's pulpit and gown were exchanged for the battlefield and the weapons of war. Parson Allen, of Pittsfield, joined the militia of the county, and went with them to Bennington. He arrived about five o'clock in the morning in the midst of a thunderstorm. When reporting himself at headquarters, he told General Stark that the Berkshire boys had been often summoned out, but never allowed to fight. "If the Lord will only give us sunshine," replied Stark, "and I don't give you fighting enough, I will never call you out again." When the fighting began, Parson Allen could not remain an idle spectator. Taking his brother's musket, he said, "You know, Joe, that I am a better shot than you. You load and I'll fire." When he was asked, in after years, if he knew that he had killed any one in battle, he said that, during the fight, he noticed that from a certain bush every once in a while there was a flash, and then one of our men was sure to drop. "I fired at that bush: I don't know whether I killed any man; but I put out that flash." That is the kind of ministers we want now—not flashing powder off in a grand pyrotechnical display—but men who have the ability and the pluck, when any error in doctrine or in morals is taking off those who should be serving the Lord, to "put out that flash" and so stop the harm.

But others are to give you more fully detailed statements of the sacrifices and sufferings unflinchingly undergone by the patriots of Sheffield in the long-protracted war. Even with the clearest historical insight, we can form, however, only a faint imagining of the fearful nature of the struggle for Independence. Ah! friends, think, for instance, what those soldiers of the Revolution suffered, with such fortitude, during the winter spent at Valley Forge. Their sufferings resembled the horrors which a worse than savage cruelty inflicted on the Union prisoners, shut up in

Southern prison pens. The men were half-clothed, scantily fed, necessarily underpaid, yet under a leader, who, if he was not the greatest soldier among patriots, is yet the noblest patriot among soldiers, never swerved from the object to which they had consecrated their lives, the achievement of their country's freedom. We know something of their joy of triumph when we call to mind the rejoicings at the close of the war of secession: or more thrilling even than that, the interchange of friendly greetings at Boston last year between Massachusetts and Carolina. As hand grasped hand in pledges of loyalty to the flag of the Union, as heart beat responsive to heart at the utterance of sentiments of amity and patriotism, it seemed as though then the dark clouds of conflict and disaster had broken away, never to gather again, while the white dove of peace descended in heavenly benediction upon the future mission of the American people.

"O beautiful, my country ! ours once more.
 What were our lives without thee ?
 What all our lives to save thee ?
 We reck not what we gave thee.
 We will not dare to doubt thee.
 But ask whatever else and we will dare."

In conclusion, I remark, first, that to belong to a good family is not, indeed, an advantage for which any one can take credit to himself; but it gives him credit at once, prepossesses others in his favor. To be an American citizen is in these days to have an assurance of welcome all over the world. The brilliant achievements of an honored ancestry reflect some portion of their glory on their descendants; or a family's good name may be tarnished by the misconduct of some unworthy member. No services in which we may this day engage will do us any credit, if, by word or deed, we prove ourselves unworthy successors of the ancestry we boast. Living as we do at this Centennial period, we ourselves shall be called into judgment by succeeding generations. We shall be tried by what we are and do, as well as by what our fathers were and did. Theirs was the sowing in storm and hardship: ours is the reaping in sunshine and peace. Theirs was the planting of the vine: are we to debauch ourselves with the intoxicating wine of mere material good? Or shall we make the fruit of the vine, as our Great Exemplar did, the symbol and pledge of our devotion to the one great work of earth and time, the victory over sin and, so, over death? We do well to ask ourselves why our fathers deserve from us special honor. We come to-day to build no tombs to prophets whom our fathers slew, and by such memorial observances show ourselves shameless as well as guilty, inheriting from a heaven-provoking ancestry a spirit of rebellious ingratitude and stiff-necked disregard of Providential duties. Rather have we come, we

and our children, to this altar of worship, as Hamilcar came with his son Hannibal, to swear eternal hatred, not to any national ancestral foe, but to oppression, corruption, iniquity, in whatever form, or by whatever political party advocated or defended. For this anniversary day is a fitting occasion, with the solemnities of religion, to inculcate upon the young the duty of loyalty to truth and to righteousness, loyalty to the ideals and to the religion of our fathers. "Let us here highly resolve," in the words of President Lincoln at the dedication of the cemetery at Gettysburg,—words which may well be repeated as every American citizen's sacramental oath,—"that the government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall never perish from the earth."

Secondly. The perpetuity of our nation will depend upon our fidelity in maintaining the moral and religious principles of our fathers, as well as the political institutions for which we are indebted to them. Mere material prosperity is not our hope or aim. It was not our fathers' motive in their resistance to the odious taxation imposed by Great Britain. It was the moral principle involved in these measures that roused the country, not the mere payment of threepence a pound additional for their tea. Only moral principles can enlist the deepest sympathies and call out the highest energies of men. Mere material good cannot have the force of a law, a binding rule for us to follow. If a man discovers a gold mine, or eats a good dinner, that is no reason why I should do the same. But, if he is faithful to his trust, incorruptible in his integrity, magnanimous in his sentiments, he sets me an example which calls upon me to exhibit the same moral excellencies. For, honorable conduct in any one is not only an exhibition of what man can do, but an example of what every true man will do. In the words of one [Gov. Gaston] who has admirably voiced the sentiment of the hour: "As we are stepping upon the threshold of our second century, let us determine that we will commence it with achievements in the field of civilization and of peace, worthy of a people whose birthright is freedom, whose policy is justice, whose God is the Lord." We forswear our lineage, if we are not faithful, as were our fathers, to the laws of God as well as the rights of man. Giving ourselves to the faithful discharge of our providential duty, though our work may seem to us humble, God will see to it that its results are great. As we look back two hundred and fifty years, we see in the cabin of the Mayflower a few humble pious folks, austere and frugal like John the Baptist, but like him, too, commissioned of God to open a new era for humanity. They were great, in duty well-performed; for, in the kingdom of heaven, greatness is measured by fidelity in doing God's will. No one can read the story of the War of Independence, or the recorded utterances of the men of that time, and not see that religious trust was the mainspring of our fathers' patriotism and valor. In 1776 each town had its Committee

of Safety, on the watch for the nation's foes. In 1876 the Centennial Commissioner comes from every nation to the birthplace of our national liberty, bringing, not "gold, frankincense, myrrh," natural products of sweetness and beauty, but the finest handiwork of human industry, the fairest creations of human ingenuity, in token of "peace and good-will on earth," if not of "glory to God in the highest." He, who was born at Bethlehem and suffered on Calvary, is united in our record of time with our fathers' life and work in the date we give our state papers, "the year of our Lord 1876, and of the Independence of the United States of America, the One Hundreth." In our lives let us unite the holy obedience of the Eternal Son with the true independence, the real freedom, He alone can give. So shall we transmit to our children the heritage we have received from our fathers, neither imperilled by our negligence, nor impaired by our neglect.

HISTORICAL ADDRESS.

BY GEN. JOHN G. BARNARD.

On this festival occasion you have called upon me for a sketch of the local history which prompts and makes appropriate this our own peculiar "Centennial" celebration. Although a native, "to the manner born," I feel myself but slightly qualified for the task. The theme is not the growth, development, and struggles for existence of a nation; it is of a simple country village, whose "fields" have ever been those of the husbandman, freely visited, indeed, by the dews of heaven, but unstained by the red drops of war; whose harvests wave not

"O'er roots set deep in battle-graves;"

whose modest halls have never resounded with the eloquence of statesmen, nor been the scenes where the nation's destiny was at stake.

Not that we are without history; that there is not, for ourselves at least, much worthy to be recorded. But he who would worthily make that record should be not only one *born* amongst you, but *reared* in your midst; to whom the color of your local life has been imparted; to whom the history of each family has been associated with his own personal history; and to whom the local events which must form his theme have become traditional. These are qualifications which he who addresses you, cannot claim to possess. Removed from this his "boyhood's home" almost in childhood, his youth and manhood have been spent in regions far away. His way of life, his pursuits, and his associations, have had little in them to remind him—much to cause forgetfulness—of the home where he was born. He is still, though nominally a citizen, almost a stranger among you. He must claim your indulgence, therefore, and beg you to accept the will to show his sympathy with you for ability to do better.

For the approaching national anniversary, the great events of our national history form fitting themes. We must content ourselves with others which, though humbler, are not uninstrusive.

"O Hist'ry, thou hast done the world a wrong
Immense and mournful; on the Alpine heights
Of human greatness thine enamoured gaze
Has lingered, mindless, in that partial mood,
Of silent virtue in the vale below;
And robed thy themes of darkness with a veil
Of bright attractions, as the thunder wraps
His ruin oft, in clouds of glorious spell."

We, dwellers of the vale, literally as well as figuratively, must turn our eyes from our historic mountain summits, and fix them upon the "silent virtues" which have never been lacking in our valley home. *Our own* history, as a community, must be our special theme; and to those who think of history as taking origin in the obscurity of an indefinite past, the fact that *our* origin as a town is dated but one half century previous to the event we commemorate, is indeed startling. One hundred and fifty years ago the ground where we now stand was a wilderness. It was not till the Pilgrim Fathers had established themselves (1620 and 1622) in Plymouth, and on the shores of Massachusetts Bay; nor until "the fame of Connecticut river, a long, fresh, rich river, which had made a little Nilus of it in the expectation of the good people of Massachusetts Bay," had prompted an emigration and a new settlement upon this famous river; not until this settlement (1636) had been more than four-score years extending itself along the beautiful valley of the Connecticut, did the time ripen for an incursion upon the wilderness of Berkshire.

"On the 30th day of January, 1722, one hundred and seventy-six inhabitants of Hampshire county* petitioned the General Court for two townships of land situated on the Housatonic river, at the southwestern corner of the Massachusetts patent. The petition was granted, and the townships ordered to contain seven miles square each. John Stoddard, Ebenezer Pomeroy, and Henry Dwight, of Northampton; Luke Hitchcock, of Springfield; John Ashley, of Westfield; and Samuel Porter, of Hadley, were appointed a committee for dividing the tract, granting lots, admitting settlers, etc. The committee was instructed to reserve lands for the first minister, for the subsequent maintenance of the ordinances of the Gospel, and for the support of schools, and to demand of each man to whom they should make a grant, thirty shillings for every hundred acres, to be expended in extinguishing the Indian claims, paying expenses for laying out the lands, and in building meeting-houses in the townships. This committee met in the following March, at Springfield, and fifty-five settlers received grants, complying with the conditions attached to them. Measures were taken to purchase the land of the Indians, and on the 25th of April, 1724, a deed was executed by them, conveying a tract bounded on the south by the divisional line between Massachusetts and Connecticut, west by the colony of New York, eastward to a line four miles from the Housatonic river, and in a general way so to extend, and north 'to the great mountain.' The Indians made certain reservations of planting and other land, and received, in consideration, the sum of £460 in money, three barrels of cider, and thirty quarts of rum. * * *

* Hampshire county then included the entire valley of the Connecticut river lying in Massachusetts.

This would seem to be the largest sum ever paid in Western Massachusetts for the extinguishment of an Indian title. The deed thus given embraced the present towns of Sheffield, Egremont, Mount Washington, Great Barrington, Alford, a considerable part of Lee, and the larger part of Stockbridge and West Stockbridge. These two townships were known before the later division into towns, as 'the upper and lower Housatonic townships.'

"The original settlers of Sheffield numbered about sixty. The first was Obadiah Noble, of Westfield, who spent one winter there entirely alone, or with no other companions than the Indians. Returning to Westfield in the spring, he started in June to resume his residence upon the Housatonic, taking with him his daughter, only sixteen years of age. She went on horseback, taking her bed upon the horse with her, and lodged one night in the wilderness while making the passage.

"Though the Indian settlement in lower Housatonic was very small, it did not comprise all the natives within the territory granted. The tribe, however, was very much reduced in numbers, and Konkapot, the chief, of whom the land was bought, with eight or ten families, lived in that part of the territory of upper Housatonic, now covered by Stockbridge. The minority lived on the reservation in the lower township already alluded to, called by them 'Skatehook.'" (Holland's History of Western Massachusetts.)

Such is the history of the settlement of the town, and of Southern Berkshire, on the Housatonic. We find that, of the two townships authorized by the General Court, in 1722, the lower one was incorporated in January, 1733, with the name of the more famous English town of Sheffield. Doubtless among the early settlers there must have been some for whom the name had suggestions other than those so familiar of penknives and table cutlery. To some of our progenitors it must have had those of a *home*, or at least have been associated with tender memories of the "fatherland."

"Within the territory of our *new* Sheffield, in accordance with the order of the Legislature, there had been reserved a lot for the first settled minister, a lot for the ministry, and a lot for schools. Obadiah Noble was, as we have noted, the first settler; among those who soon followed him (mostly from Westfield) were the bearers of the following names: Austin, Ashley, Westover, Kellogg, Eggleston, Pell, Callender, Corben, Huggins, Smith, Ingersoll, Dewey and Root," many of which are still familiar and honored names among us.

That of John Ashley has already appeared as that of one of the original grantees, or committee-men. Sheffield has had several prominent men of this name. John Ashley, son of the above, an ancestor of the speaker, graduated at Yale in 1730; settled in Sheffield as a lawyer; subsequently

a judge, colonel of militia, and magistrate, he died in Sheffield, 1802, aged ninety-three years. General John Ashley, his son, died 1799, aged sixty-four years, appointed by Governor Hancock, Major-General of State Militia, in 1780; he, too, was one of the largest land-holders of the town. It was he who commanded the small party which met and defeated the "Shays' rebels," in the first and only actual fight of that rebellion, near the western boundary of Sheffield. Col. William Ashley succeeded to the paternal estates of his father, and sustained the honored name which is now forever perpetuated in the cognomen, "Ashley Falls," by which the region is known where the family resided, and where their estates lay. Last in the male line, he died in Sheffield, 1849, aged seventy-six years.

The original bounds of Sheffield embraced a large portion of what is now Great Barrington, and portions, also, of Egremont and New Marlboro. At the second town-meeting (the first having been held January 16), January 30, 1733, money was raised to build a meeting-house, forty-five feet long, and thirty-five feet wide (Appendix 1). The house was erected about three-quarters of a mile north of the present edifice and was occupied until 1760, when a new house was built, sixty feet by forty feet. This house is the one in which we are now assembled, having been removed, altered, and improved, in 1820, and again in 1856, renovated and embellished. Rev. Jonathan Hubbard was settled as the first pastor, October 22, 1735, and on the same day the first church was organized (Appendix 2). Mr. Hubbard was a native of Sunderland, and a graduate of Yale in 1724. He died July 6, 1765. Rev. John Keep, of Longmeadow, a graduate of Yale in 1769, succeeded him on June 10, 1772, and died while in office, September 3, 1785. Rev. Ephraim Judson was installed in his place in May, 1786. He was a native of Woodbury, Connecticut, and a graduate of Yale in 1763. He died in office, February 23, 1813, and was succeeded on the following 13th of October by Rev. James Bradford, a native of Rowley, and a graduate of Dartmouth. Mr. Bradford remained the pastor of the church until May, 1852. Until 1825, the town and Congregational Society were one and the same in action, but in that year the society became a separate organization. A Methodist Episcopal Church was organized in 1842. A second Methodist society was organized at Ashley Falls. In 1866 the Rev. Mr. Eccleston, then Rector of St. James's Episcopal Church, Great Barrington, undertook to organize a mission chapel to that church in our village. In this he received aid and encouragement from the late Mr. A. C. Russell, of Great Barrington, to whom is due the credit of being a founder of the Episcopal Church in Sheffield. In 1867 the church was incorporated, and in 1873 admitted into the diocese of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Massachusetts.

The specific act on the part of our town, which furnishes the motive for this, our own Sheffield Centennial celebration, is found thus recorded :

"At a legal town-meeting of the inhabitants of the town of Sheffield, on Tuesday, the 18th day of June, 1776, it was put to vote, whether the inhabitants of the said town of Sheffield, should the Honorable Continental Congress, in their wisdom, think prudent and for the interest and safety of the American Colonies to declare said Colonies independent of the kingdom of Great Britton, they, the inhabitants of said Sheffield, will solemnly engage, with their lives and fortunes, to support them in their measures. Voted in the affirmative; two dissenting only."

The famous "Mecklenburg" (N. C.) Declaration of Independence, which resolved that "we, the people of Mecklenburg county, do hereby dissolve the political bands which have connected us with the mother country," though so explicit in form, does not appear to have been "designed for publicity, other than such as might be obtained by its presentation to Congress." In fact a "dissolution of the bands which have connected us with the mother country," by a single county of a few thousand inhabitants, would be preposterous. The Mecklenburg declaration has no claim to be regarded as anything more decisive or more patriotic than were the Sheffield resolutions; the intended and the sole effect of the one and the other being to encourage the General Congress with assurance of support, should it, in its wisdom, take the decisive step towards which, as all patriots and thoughtful men saw, the march of events plainly tended. I know not whether any other communities of the thirteen colonies acted likewise; but *we* claim that whatever just meed of applause may be conceded to the patriots of Mecklenburg county, North Carolina, should be conceded equally to the patriots of Sheffield, Massachusetts.

Though necessarily introduced as the especial theme of this paper, this action of the town of Sheffield was by no means an isolated one. Even more remarkable is the action (preamble and resolutions) of January 12, 1773, antecedent by more than two years to the Mecklenburg Declaration, and in the first and second resolutions, viz. :—

"Resolved, that mankind, in a state of nature, are equal, free, and independent of each other, and have a right to the undisturbed enjoyment of their lives, their liberty and property.

"Resolved, that the great end of political society is to secure in a more effectual manner those rights and privileges wherewith God and Nature have made us free"—anticipating the famed enunciation of "truths," held to be "self-evident," of the Declaration of Independence. Too lengthy to be read here, the record is copied in an appendix to this paper (Appendix 3). The list of the names of the committee-men who

drafted the preamble and resolutions, will furnish a clue, perhaps, to their remarkable character.

Theodore Sedgwick, then a lawyer in Sheffield, represented the town several years in the Massachusetts Legislature; was a member of the Continental Congress, 1785-86; member of the State Convention for ratification of the Federal Constitution, 1788; member of Congress (at one time Speaker), and a Senator under that Constitution; subsequently Judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts till his death, in 1813. It was he who, first as a lawyer, then as a judge, settled forever the question of slavery in Massachusetts. Chairman of a committee—as we find him to be not only on this, but on subsequent occasions—of an obscure country town, he was afterwards the intimate associate of Hamilton, Jay, Rutledge, and other prominent men of our early history.

Major John Fellows, an ancestor of the speaker, had served in the French war, and, as brigadier-general, served afterwards in the Revolution, on Long Island, at White Plains, and in the battle of Stillwater. "Col. Ashley" has already been alluded to as "General John Ashley." Stephen Dewey, Dr. Lemuel Barnard, Dr. Silas Kellogg, and others of the names, are those of men of known intellectual capacity.

By the resolution of June 18, 1776, we, in advance, pledged, virtually, "our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor," to the support of the great act of July 4, 1776. Nor did we fail to fulfil this anticipatory pledge. On June 30, 1777, the first town-meeting was called in the name of the government and people of Massachusetts Bay. "Dr. Lemuel Barnard was chosen moderator; Theodore Sedgwick, Richard Jacob, and Col. Aaron Root, were chosen a committee to give instructions to the representatives (in the General Court) relative to the money raised for the soldiers that turn out or are drafted to go in an allarm" (*sic*). It was voted that "each non-commissioned officer and private who shall march by reason of allarm until the — day of October, shall receive two shillings per day while on the march, and one shilling per day while in camp, in addition to the present Continental and Government pay."

The following minute appears of proceedings at a meeting on January 9, 1778, Theodore Sedgwick moderator:—"To William Bacon, Esq., one of the representatives for the towns which are to attend the present sessions of the Great and General Court, this town, impressed with a sence (*sic*) of the necessity of an immediate ratification of the articles of confederation and perpetual union, published by order of the Honorable the Congress, highly approving the wisdom of these articles, instruct you to use your influence, that the same be approved in the House of Representatives of this State."

March 17, 1778, we find the minute of a vote to raise "the sum of five hundred pounds, in money, to get a town stock of powder, lead, and

flints." It was also voted to "supply the souldiers in the Continental service belonging to this town with cloathing during the present year; also, that the committee chosen to provide for the families of those souldiers gone into the Continental service, be directed to make such provision for their cattle as they think necessary." And again, May 16, 1778, "voted that there be allowed the sum of thirty pounds to each Continental souldier that shall be raised in this town, agreeable to the resolve of the General Court of April 20th;" and December 3, 1778, "voted to raise the sum of five hundred pounds, to provide for the families of this town in the Continental army" (*sic*).

November 25, 1779, it was voted, after hearing a report from a committee of which Theodore Sedgwick was chairman, that "two thousand and four hundred pounds is equivalent to one hundred pounds." (This was in reference to fixing, in depreciated currency, the salary of their Pastor, Rev. John Keep.)

January 16, 1780, it was "voted to choose a committee to hire the cota (*sic*) of men required by the General Court" * * * "to give those who shall go into the Continental service for six months (in addition to the State's pay), forty shillings per month, in silver, or Continental money equivalent" * * * "To raise three hundred pounds silver money." From these items we infer that Sheffield's "cota" of men that year was 150.

October 13, 1780, it was "voted to raise the sum of three hundred and fifty pounds, new emission, to purchase beef for the army," etc., etc. * * * "To raise the sum of one hundred and forty pounds, to procure cloathing for the souldiers in the Continental army," etc.

The records all through the war are filled with such votes. Men were only raised for three or six months, and were clothed by the town—facts illustrative of the difficulties which our generals in the field had to encounter.

In 1780, the first town-meeting was called "in the name of the people of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts Bay;" in the succeeding year, and subsequently, the time-honored word, "Bay," disappears, and the style becomes the "Commonwealth of Massachusetts" (Appendix 4).

The foregoing brief notes must suffice to show how prompt, throughout the Revolutionary struggle, the town of Sheffield was to meet every patriotic call; how faithful the pledge—the act which we this day celebrate—was fulfilled, "to support the Continental Congress in a Declaration of Independence" (Appendix 5).

Passing along these records, we find, as the war draws to a close (practically decided by the surrender at Yorktown, October, 1781, though the Treaty of Peace was not signed till September, 1783), minutes of quite another character, grave and ominous—as we can *now* understand

them to have been—as are the atmospheric phenomena which prelude the earthquake. On the 1st of April, 1782, it was

“Resolved, that in a Commonwealth to suspend the laws, and to stop the courts of justice, is of most fatal tendency to that County and ought by all means to be discountenanced by every one who wishes to support the liberties and happiness of the people.

“2dly, Resolved, that in the opinion (*sic*) of the town, the Justice of the Peace ought not to be allowed any fee for attending the Court of General Sessions of the Peace.

“3dly, Resolved, that the Governor's salary, as by law established, is, in the opinion of this town, excessive.

“4thly, Resolved, that in the opinion of this town, it is in the power of the Legislature of the Commonwealth to devise and establish a less expensive and more speedy method of collecting debts, particularly by enlarging the jurisdiction of justices, and enabling them to take acknowledgment of debts without process, and issue execution thereon under such restrictions and provisions as may appear necessary.

“5thly, Resolved, that the price by law established is excessive, and that no travel nor attendance ought to be taxed on bills of cost more than is actually performed.

“6thly, Resolved, that in the opinion of the town, good pork, beef, and wheat, should be a tendure (*sic*) in satisfaction of executions, in like manner as is provided in case of extending executions on real estate.

“7thly, Resolved, that Constables ought to be impowered to serve all writs and processes within their respective towns.”

The foregoing resolutions were transmitted with the following petition :

“To the Honorable, the Senate and the House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts,

“The petition of the inhabitants of the town of Sheffield, in town-meeting assembled, humbly shows,

“That the town, on mature and thorough deliberation and examination, have passed the several votes contained in the annexed copy ; we are sensible that your honours must, as a principle object, regard the defence of this and the other states in union ; we wish not to direct your attention *therefore* (from ?) a single moment, but while your patriotic exertions are pointed to a matter of such great importance we hope it may not be thought either impertinent or unreasonable to call the attention of your honours to the Internal Police of the Commonwealth ; we can and do most solemnly assure your honours that we have a just detestation of all practices which have a tendency to unsettle the Government, and introduce anarchy and confusion in its stead, as necessarily and directly tending to destroy the liberties of the citizen, and as aiding the most barbarous and bloody enemies of these states ; at the same time, we beg permission to say that we ardently wish the Government as little burdensome and expensive as is consistent with the support and dignity thereof ; accordingly, by these views, with the most submissive deference, we pray your Honours to take into your consideration the resolves and votes aforesaid, and act therein as to you in your wisdom shall appear just and reasonable, and your petitioners as in duty bound shall ever pray.”

Real sufferings, and, to some extent, real grievances, the nature of which is clearly indicated in the above-cited resolutions, were thus early finding voice.

It will not be my province to dilate upon that peculiar phase of our history which the ensuing years of 1783-4-5-6-7, developed. The "Shays' Rebellion" is the subject of a chapter of Holland's "History of Western Massachusetts," and one of our most prominent townsmen, the Rev. Mason Noble, has recited to you the sad tale, as it relates more especially to Berkshire county and to Sheffield. I must content myself with quoting his eloquent epitome of its causes:—

"During the war of the Revolution the thirteen States had agreed upon articles of confederation, but they conferred little power on Congress. It could recommend, but could not enforce that which it recommended. It could only advise action, leaving the States to do as they pleased. Bitter jealousy existed between the several States, both with regard to each other, and to the general good. A heavy debt had been incurred by the war. Congress had no money, and could not levy taxes. It advised the States to pay, but some of them were too jealous of Congress to heed its recommendations. Massachusetts, however, true to her honorable record from first to last, assumed her own share of the national obligation of the States which, though not yet a nation, had together undertaken to secure independence of all from the English dominion.

"At the same time the land was in a terrible condition. Commerce had been utterly destroyed by the war. Trade, manufactures, and agriculture had been neglected. War had been the main business of the country for eight years. Many persons lost their entire fortunes. Villages, towns, and cities had been burned; ships had been lost; crops had been destroyed; money was worth almost nothing, still it was scarce and hard to get. A mighty load of debt rested on the nation, states, towns, and individuals, and, taking the land through, few were ready to do anything for the general relief. A shock was needed to wake the land to energetic life, and that shock came in the shape of what is known in history as 'Shays' Rebellion.'"

Berkshire, as we know, was the most recently settled county of Massachusetts, and the evils thus depicted bore heavily upon her. Yet, though there were numerous active coöperators in the county, it was around Northampton, Springfield, and Worcester, chiefly, that the rebellious gatherings were found, aimed mainly at preventing the sessions and action of the courts.

In Sheffield, you are aware, was the "battlefield" of the only actual fight, and, if we except the loss of life accompanying the attempt made by Shays on the arsenal at Springfield, the only scene of bloodshed. The "only instance" (according to Holland) "in which a considerable body

of rebels exhibited the slightest courage;" a courage, however, which he is malicious enough to attribute to "the quantity of liquor they had stolen and drank during the day."

The establishment of the constitution of the United States, and the remodelling of our State government, tended to restore confidence and quiet. The return of malcontents to habits of industry, the natural increase of population, and the development of our physical resources, gradually obliterated all traces of these disorders. With peace, prosperity resumed its reign; our State and our county, rapidly increasing in population and in wealth, have been, conspicuously, the scenes of those busy activities in commerce, agriculture, manufactures, and in engineering works auxiliary thereto, which have been, during the latter half of the century, so characteristic of our country.

We need not dwell on the episode of our national history, the war of 1812,—a war which found little favor in New England, and in which our town seems to have had no further part than in sending its quota of militia to Boston, in 1814. An invasion of the coast was apprehended; but forty days of camp life at Dorchester, a review by the governor on Boston Common, and, on the whole, an "extremely pleasant time" for our militiamen, made up the events of this so-called "Governor Strong's war."

It is the sentiment of the country that this Centennial of our national existence should be especially a new era of restored fellowship and brotherly feeling with those of our countrymen with whom we were, in its penultimate decade, in so deadly a struggle. Long years myself a resident among those with whom we were subsequently to join battle, the "better half" of my feelings has been with some of those who live south of Mason and Dixon's line, and I am little disposed to recall, on this occasion, events of the war.

But I cannot omit some notice of the historic relations of my native town to this war. Her records show with how much patriotism and earnestness she demeaned herself.

"1861, May 4, Oliver Peck, moderator, W. B. Saxton, town clerk (E. E. Callender, Abner Roys, and Henry Burtch, were selectmen throughout the war), voted that the moderator and town clerk petition the governor, in behalf of the town, to immediately assemble the legislature. On motion of E. F. Ensign, a resolution passed at a legal meeting of the inhabitants of the town of Sheffield, held on the 18th of June, 1776, was read, and ordered to be put on file." This, the resolution we this day commemorate, was thus recalled and recorded anew,—an example of the patriotism of our fathers; an incentive to our own, in this new crisis of our country's fate. A committee (Graham A. Root, E. F. Ensign, Zacheus Candee, Archibald Taft, and Leonard Tuttle) were chosen, to report a series of resolutions." They reported, 1st, \$2,000 to be raised to

equip volunteers from this town; 2d, each volunteer to be paid \$9 per month by the town; 3d, families of soldiers to receive "comfortable assistance;" 4th, G. A. Root, S. H. Bushnell, L. Tuttle, T. B. Strong and H. D. Train, to be a committee, with full powers to expend the money; 5th, said committee may borrow not exceeding \$4,000 on the credit of the town; 6th, the committee to serve without pay; 7th, the town-treasurer shall pay all orders of said committee; 8th, the committee were "to proceed immediately to form a militia company." The resolutions were adopted *with one* dissenting vote.

1862, July 22, voted a bounty to each volunteer of \$125. A committee of fourteen, "to solicit enlistments, and subscriptions of money to be given volunteers."

August 23, voted a bounty of \$100 to each nine months' volunteer.

November 4, \$2,000 for aid to soldiers' families. 1864, April 4, a bounty of \$150, and to raise \$3,000 for this purpose. December 13, raised \$4,000.

The town carried the spirit, shown in the resolutions adopted at the beginning of the war, through the entire struggle, and, at its close, passed a vote of thanks to the selectmen, who declined a reelection, for their services in procuring recruits.

Sheffield furnished 269 men for the military service—a surplus of eight over all demands. Four were commissioned officers. The whole amount of money raised for war purposes, during the five years, was \$30,033 68, besides the "State aid" to the families of volunteers, which was afterwards reimbursed by the Commonwealth, and which was, in 1861, \$80 36; 1862, \$1,867 56; 1863, \$4,859 71; 1864, \$4,300; 1865, \$3,400. Total amount, \$14,507 63. Total raised, \$44,541 31.

No town in the State failed to raise its full quota of men, and only two in our county failed to raise *more* than their quota; but no town can claim to have been more prompt, energetic, and liberal, than Sheffield.

I have thus hastily sketched our origin, growth and history; but how unsatisfactory must necessarily be a mere historical sketch! How little can we realize who and what they were—our *fathers*, indeed—who lived, in 1776, where *we* now live! The word "*father*" carries us back to the time when we were children, and when we looked up into parental eyes with a tenderness and reverence with which it is not in us to regard other mortal being. Were those who lived here—and, save through those words and deeds we find record of, so utterly unknown to us—indeed our "*fathers* after the flesh"? Does the brief century of years which lays in the dust all who have gone before us, and who have *begotten* us, thus dissolve *all* ties? Are we indeed children *of the dead*, as we are ourselves heirs to death? To Him, the "*God of our fathers*," who proclaims Himself not the God of the dead but *of the living*, we must appeal for answer!

But, leaving aside these grave questions, how inexpressibly interesting it would be if, as we chance to pass one of the few remaining quaint old-time houses, destitute in front of porch and piazza, sloping back with its long rearward roof from two stories down to one ; or, perchance, one of the double-fronted old brick houses, with the numerals of a long-past year curiously worked into its front walls, we might enter and find there their vanished dwellers *as they were* !

Were they, indeed, those grim old " Puritans," of whom we have heard so much ; and who, though they landed on " Plymouth Rock," and

" Shook the depths of the forest gloom with hymns of lofty cheer,"

do not, altogether, make us feel as if we should be at ease in their company ? Our narrative shows them to have been real live men—*keenly* alive to the sense of injustices and oppressions,—self-sacrificing in their efforts to remove them, and actively benevolent in behalf of those who were in need of succor. But, as if we needed a little of *our own* " human nature," to assure us that they were of our flesh and blood, the story of a " Shays' Rebellion," bad as it is, comes in aptly, if not agreeably.

Holland tells us, too, that, " in social life, ardent spirits played an important part. Respectable traders dealt out the article to very miserable toppers ; respectable men assembled, even on Sunday evenings, in the parlor of the village tavern, to drink flip and smoke their pipes ; respectable young men went forth in sleighing parties, stopping at every tavern for their flip, and boys drank flip by the hour, in bar-rooms of respectable members of the Church. Then, Sunday night was the night for play among the children, Saturday night being observed as holy time. They pursued their noisy games in the street, or assembled in neighboring houses to play blindman's buff and tell stories."

That there *was* a long period in our early history during which the evils of the free use of " ardent spirits" had not been adequately recognized, all of us whose memories extend back fifty years, can vouch. The use of ardent spirits was doubtless then, as it is now, quite too common, and Holland is but truthful when he says, " Respectable traders dealt out the article to very miserable toppers ;" but I doubt whether there was ever a time when "*boys* drank flip by the hour," in bar-rooms of respectable innkeepers, whether members of the Church or not. Fifty years ago it was rather unusual to find an innkeeper to be a " member of the Church ;" not because they were not " respectable," but because of the peculiar attributes of church-membership in New England.

It was in the early years of the century that " temperance societies" first originated. It is, indeed, only within that brief period that men have become fully conscious of the fearful evils which accompany the

use of ardent spirits; nowhere were the evils earlier recognized than in New England. The earliest "temperance society" originated (1808) in a region bordering on our own (Saratoga County, N. Y.). Five years later (1813) the Massachusetts Society for the suppression of intemperance was formed. Affiliated societies were rapidly organized throughout the State, and travelling preachers, or lecturers, went forth with the theme on their lips. They are many among us who can remember the first appearance of these excellent men, and the telling effect of their appeals; one of the most common of which was the computation of the number of ships which could be floated in the liquor annually drank. The speaker well recollects that *one* "respectable trader" went his way homeward, after such an appeal, vowing to stave the heads of his "wine" casks, and let *his* tributary rill flow to mother earth, rather than to that imaginary lake which floated the navies of the world,—that too real maelström in which were being engulfed the noblest ventures of our life's enterprise, the fairest promise of our New-England homes. The speaker is sorry to add that he has not reason to believe this virtuous resolution was carried into effect; he has rather reason to fear that it served but to form another *tessera* of pavement for that place where "good intentions" are said to be trampled under foot (Appendix 6).

Although that extreme rigidity of Sabbath observance, maintained by penal enactments, of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay did not obtain in the latest Massachusetts settlement, Berkshire, yet those of us whose memories extend back to the mediæval period of the past century, will recollect the extreme strictness of observance alluded to by Holland.

The commandment given to the children of Israel was *absolute*, and it was addressed to a people for whom its absolute observance *was practicable*. Such an observance is simply impracticable among the nations of the earth, as human relations and avocations are now constituted; but the Almighty never commanded an impracticable thing, nor laid an absolute injunction upon man that he, his creature, should define to it exceptions.

"When will the Sabbath be over?" was, if not on our lips, the yearning thought, as Sunday's sun went down, of many a boyish heart fifty years ago; not that, with the mercenary Jews, "we may sell wheat;" not that we may resume our work; but that we boys, released from unnatural restriction, may once more, at least, *play*.

On such an occasion as this, personal reminiscences of early days might be deemed appropriate; but the most far-reaching memory among us extends little beyond the mid-period of the century just ended, and there are not many to whom the "brick school-house" (many years since demolished), with its quaint curb-roof,—nor its successive teachers, are familiar reminiscences. One of these, a venerable lady, for whom there

are yet many to "arise up and call her blessed," is still living, though not among us. Another, a somewhat famous pedagogue, came here in the decline of his powers, physical and mental, but, nevertheless, many of Sheffield's since-noted men (among whom my friends, Judge Bradford and Mr. Ensign Kellogg, now of Pittsfield) were, as was the speaker, his pupils, deriving profit from his teaching.

There are, perhaps, a few present who recollect this "meeting-house," as it stood in the middle of the street, and its removal and remodelling (1820) to its present site and form. But *many* here present will recollect the commanding form of the last of our sole Congregational pastors, the Rev. James Bradford, whose flock comprised *all* the inhabitants (for, until 1825, the town and the Congregational society were one and the same),—one of the last of that remarkable race of New-England divines who were so influential in moulding, so potent in maintaining, our peculiar New-England institutions. "*Requiescant in pace,*" be our invocation; "Well done, good and faithful servants," be their greeting from the Master whom, according to their light and might, they so faithfully served.

In one respect, Sheffield is unlike those towns of our State and country which are most typical of the growth of the nation. Quite destitute of water-power—nearly the only portion of the Housatonic valley which is thus destitute—and, until the opening of the Housatonic railroad (1840), almost cut off from communication with the great cities—the social and commercial centres—Sheffield has remained an *eddy* in the sweeping current of what we call our national progress. We have had but small addition from without to our population. A community of farmers we were; a community of farmers we remain. Since the opening of railroad communications, the upper towns of the Housatonic valley have been much resorted to, by inhabitants of New York and Boston, for summer residence and for sites of country seats, while our own town has been passed by, mainly because the broad plain, in the midst of which is our village, presents not, contiguous to the population, those view-commanding sites which are found hard by the more northern towns of the Berkshire valley. With the highest peak of the Taconic range, the *Dome*, or "High Peak" of our boyhood—improperly called "Mount Everett" on recent maps, in consequence of an unauthorized and uncalled-for innovation of the late Professor Hitchcock—overlooking us on the west; the picturesque Hoosacs bordering our valley on the east; the sinuous silvery thread of the Housatonic laid along the intervening breadth of green meadows, the broad expanse of which is broken by numerous beautiful wooded monticles; with our excursions to the mountains, to "Bash-a-pish," to the "Twin Lakes," to the "Pool," and numerous others, we yield not the palm of scenic beauty to our rivals, and we envy not the encroachments of city life. Without wealth ourselves, we

have not yearly displayed before us the superfluities nor the pretensions of those who do have it.

But we must not wholly congratulate ourselves on our isolation. The great cities have not indeed added to us; alas! they have taken from us. There was a time—and the speaker recollects it—when such a country existence was an *entity*; something complete and self-sufficing. Never a manufacturing place (in the modern sense), there was a time when nearly all *our own* manufactories were here. We made our own clothes, our own carriages, built our own houses, made our own silverware; and repaired, at least, for ourselves, our clocks and watches.

These arts, exerted though they were on a humble scale, have nearly all fled. Who in our country towns can make a hat, or a man's garment of any kind, or a horse-shoe, or a harness, when the great manufactories, with concentrated "capital" and steam-driven "machinery," make them "in gross" for whole populations?

With our self-sufficiency and small mechanical avocations has gone, too, in no inconsiderable degree, our *intellectual life*. Before the great cities and manufacturing centres had absorbed all the energies of the people, each isolated township was a centre of intellectual life to itself. The driving away of energy and intellect to the cities, or to the broader fields of enterprise in the West, is by no means peculiar to Sheffield; but the effect has been more telling, since, for us, there have been few compensating influences. Massachusetts, more than any other State, perhaps, has devoted herself to the perfecting of education; yet it may well be doubted whether any of the "high schools" of this region surpass such as those of Mr. Curtis, in Stockbridge, or of Levi Gleason, in Lenox and Sheffield, of fifty years ago.

Before the days of railroads, the great turnpike route from Albany to Hartford lay through Sheffield, midway between those cities. Who is there whose memory reaches to those early years of the century, who does not recollect the daily passage of the stage-coaches? With us boys it was the great event of the day; the qualities of the various "teams" were warmly discussed; their "drivers" were among our heroes. Nor was it a matter of less interest to our grown population. Sheffield was the midday stopping-place in summer, the hostelry for night in the winter.

It is related of the celebrated French author, Chateaubriand, that, when in this country, he travelled by this route through Sheffield, and passed the night at the tavern, still, in somewhat altered form, standing. Before retiring, he took a place by the fireside, and casually entered into conversation with one who appeared to be a villager. Each soon discovered the other to be something more than an ordinary villager or an ordinary traveller. The conversation increased in interest—the legend makes it to have been *mathematical*!—became absorbing, and not till the

gray light of dawn stole in upon them, did either feel conscious that an entire night had been passed in this intellectual intercourse. Chateaubriand's interlocutor was Paul Dewey, uncle to our eminent and venerable townsman, Dr. Orville Dewey. I am sorry to say that I cannot verify, from Chateaubriand's published journals, that he ever passed over this Hartford and Albany route (though he did go to Albany); but the tale is of the class, "*se non é vero é ben trovato* : if not true, it is *truthlike*."

If, from these purely local views with which I have occupied your attention, we extend our vision over the nation of which we are a diminutive member, we should doubtless find, in its successive and noble struggles for national existence, and in the rapid strides of progress by which it has now taken rank among the foremost nations of the earth, great cause for self-congratulation.

The thirteen original colonies, whose narrow skirt of settlement barely fringed the Atlantic coast from Massachusetts Bay to the Savannah river, and whose population numbered less than four millions, have been the nursing mothers of thirty-eight States, whose territorial expanse reaches, without break of continuity, from the Atlantic to the Pacific; from the great lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. Over this immense area a reticulation of seventy thousand miles of railways has been cast, auxiliary to which our great rivers have been spanned by bridge-structures, the very conception of which was not in the minds of men one hundred years ago; and even our own Hoosacs have, by cyclopean labor, been pierced to make a way for the "iron horse." The waters of the Atlantic have been united to those of the great lakes, and those again to the Mississippi. Thus have we put a double "girdle" of iron and of water around our by no means little "world," known as the United States of America—nay, a treble one; and though the last be but a diminutive wire, yet, like the nerve-system of the human body, it is the medium through which flashes intelligence, and which brings all parts of the system into harmonious action.

Regarded as the results of a century's growth of the nation, they are indeed marvellous. But *yet*, there is "a more excellent way" in which we may not have achieved so marked a progress, or in which, if marked at all, it may be feared our progress has been *re-gressive*.

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

It is by the greatness of our *men* that the true greatness of our nation must be judged—nay, by which even its *material* greatness will ultimately be determined. An eloquent writer* has well said: "In the perplexities of nations, in their struggles for existence, their impotence

* Ruskin, "Modern Painters."

or even their disorganization, they have higher hopes and nobler passions; out of suffering comes the serious mind; out of salvation, the grateful heart; out of endurance, fortitude; out of deliverance, faith. But when they have done away with violent and external sources of suffering, worse evils seem to arise out of their rest,—evils that vex less and mortify more; that suck the blood, though they do not shed it, and ossify the heart, though they do not torture it.”

During the hundred years which have elapsed, our nation has passed through *all* these ordeals. “Endurance” has developed our “fortitude;” “suffering,” the “serious mind;” and “salvation,” the “grateful heart.” Shall the doing away with violent and external sources of suffering develop, too, with us, those “worse evils” hinted at? Shall external prosperity, with its attendant love of luxury and ease, “suck the blood” of our purer affections, and “ossify” our hearts, that they no longer throb with noble and manly impulses?

The century which we inaugurate will be tasked with far other problems than those which tried the past one. And of those purely political, *the* most important will be that of maintaining good government—which implies the *distraint* of political corruption. No more difficult problem has fallen upon human beings, as civil communities enlarged themselves from mere tribes to mighty nations, than that of government. We Americans have grown up in—imbibed with our mother’s milk, I might say—the belief that republicanism is the most perfect (as, in application to a *great nation*, it is the latest) phase of human government. A monarchy, like yonder elm, to be stable and beneficent, must send its roots deep; must be grappled, *in* the soil where it stands, by multitudinous tendrils of personal reverence, the growth of a traditionary *past*. We, as a people, had no traditions, and no great families to members of which the people of these thirteen colonies could concede preëminence. A republic was not only congenial to the predilections and habits of mind of the colonists, but the sole form of government *practicable* for them. Indeed it may be said that, everywhere, men are outgrowing their traditions, and the habits of personal reverence, which sustain monarchies; and that a *new* monarchy can hardly originate again—at least, among highly civilized peoples.*

The perfecting of the republican form of government is, *therefore*, the great desideratum, not only for us, but for civilized mankind. No greater work of purely human political wisdom was ever produced, than the “Constitution of the United States.” Yet it may safely be affirmed

* A new *organization* or distribution, merely, by which a new monarchy is made (*e. g.*, Belgium) out of older ones, with recourse to existing reigning families, does not come in the category of “new monarchies” alluded to.

that, could the vision of its makers have been extended to the present day, the work would have taken, in some respects, a different form. It is, however, to be borne in mind that, in *one* important feature, the Constitution *has ever been a dead letter*. I allude to that which prescribes the manner of electing the President of the United States. It was not intended (and, *to me*, that is one of *the* indubitable proofs of the wisdom of its framers) that the chief magistrate should be elected *directly* by the people. It was for a certain number of "electors," appointed by the States (no senator or representative, or person holding any office of trust or profit under the United States, being eligible), "in such a manner as the legislatures thereof may direct," to make the choice. Nay, more; instead of reducing to insignificance the Vice-Presidency of the United States, the "electors" were to simply vote for "two persons." When these votes shall be counted "in the presence of the Senate," "the person having the greatest number of votes shall be the President;" the one having next to the greatest number, "Vice-President."

Nor does the "amendment" (whatever may have been in the minds of its framers), which specifies that the electors shall vote specifically for "President" and "Vice-President," affect the fundamental idea. To the electors it was given to *choose* of their own volition and wisdom, for these United States, the Chief Magistrate.

I care not to discuss the practicability of this method, remarking only that it leaves no place for the party "conventions" which effect, practically, for each party, a choice beforehand, and that, this idea carried into effect, the demoralizing notions of "spoils" and of "victors" would have been unknown. The inauguration of President would *not* have been the inauguration of a new quadrennial period of contest. Our "civil service" would not have become, as it now is, a part of the "spoils" of a political "victory."

We may not be able to restore that which, indeed, we never had: the constitutional method of election. What we *may* do, and what we *should* do, is to banish from politics the erroneous notions through which "rotation in office" is regarded as excellent and desirable in itself, and which makes "office" the prize of party predominance. We may place our civil service beyond the reach of this kind of *spoliation*, and free our country from the quadrennial anarchy of a Presidential election, while removing temptations to abuse of power, by proscribing, absolutely, a "second term."

We have assembled on this occasion especially for commemoration of our prospective adhesion to a "Declaration of Independence," to be made by the General Congress of the Colonies. In *that* declaration (as it soon after took form) the "king of Great Britain" was charged, among other things, with "taxing us without our consent," and with having

"refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good."

Now, one hundred years later, we have no "king of Great Britain" to arraign; but, when mooted questions, the settlement of which is vital to the public interest, are shunned by the political parties in power, and bandied to and fro, lest there should be a loss of party prestige, have we no like grievance? Taxes, indeed, cannot be imposed without "our consent," given through legislative bodies chosen by ourselves; or, at least, by a majority of all who, under a system of universal suffrage, have a right to vote; but I will leave it to your own conclusions whether this, our palladium from taxation "without our consent," has proved itself such.

Far as I am from being an optimist, I would not, on such an occasion as this, be a Cassandra. The calamities which Cassandra predicted, befell her people, *because* her vaticinations were disregarded. If the evils which portend at the close of the first century of our national existence, do not burst upon us in the next, it will be *because*, now deliberately recognized, they shall effectually be guarded against. And if our country shall continue its unparalleled course of prosperity and greatness, it will be because a free people rises to the dignity of that "perfect freedom," which for man is only found in *subjection*,—subjection to divine law—subjection to human law; recognizing that the boasted prerogative of "choosing our own rulers" is an imaginary benefit, unless it shall secure our being wisely ruled.

My task is finished. May that glorious orb, source of light, emblem of life, which shall soon sink below the mountain-ribbed horizon of our beautiful valley, amid, perhaps, portentous clouds, yet not wholly without "good omen," rise with the morrow's dawn upon *another* century, a "sun of righteousness with healing in his wings," shedding rays of beneficence upon the homes of a truly "free" people!

"RIGHTEOUSNESS EXALTETH A NATION; BUT SIN IS A REPROACH TO ANY PEOPLE."

APPENDIX

TO

GEN. BARNARD'S HISTORICAL ADDRESS.

[For the laborious examination of the records of the town of Sheffield, and the transcription therefrom of the portions read in his address, the writer is indebted to the gentleman to whose exertions the undertaking and successful accomplishment of the "Sheffield Centennial Celebration" was in so great a degree due—the Rev. Mason Noble.]

(1.) It may be that some part of the first church building is yet in existence, and could be identified. I have been able to trace its later history only as follows:—

Mar. 14, 1764. "Ezra Fellows Ezra Hickock and Richard Jacobs "were Chosen a Committee to dispose of the old meeting house for the "Town's best advantage." They appear to have sold the building to Amos Kellogg, who seems to have been unwilling, or unable, to pay the price demanded, for we find these other items of record:—

Mar. 12, 1765—"voted to Reduce Amos Kelloggs obligation for the old "meeting house Down to Twenty five pounds."

Oct. 12, 1768—"voted to Reduce Amos Kelloggs obligation or the "Judgment obtained against S^d Kellogg at the Last Inferior Court of "Common pleas Down to fifteen pounds"—Amos Kellogg died in 1770. Unless destroyed by fire, probably the timbers of the old church still exist in the frame of some dwelling-house or barn. [M. N., Jr.]

(2.) This date, Oct. 22, 1735, is rather that of the *recognition* of the church than of its *organization*. On that day the first pastor was ordained by a council—"present the Rev^d Ministers and Messengers," viz.:

"Timothy Cohens of Litchfield, Deac. Nath^l Belden.

"Samuel Hopkins of Springfield.

"Peter Reynolds of Enfield, Capt. Joseph Sexton.

"Jonathan Edwards of Northampton, Deac. Samuel Alen.

"William Rand of Sunderland, Deac. Isaac Hubbard."

This was, doubtless, the occasion of the first visit of Samuel Hopkins and Jonathan Edwards to Berkshire. The above extract is from the "Proprietors' Book." The early records of the church are missing. In

1813 Rev. Mr. Bradford made diligent search for them, and concluded that they were "either lost or never made."—The following items are found upon the town records :—

Jan. 16, 1733, "Thomas Lee, Anthony Austin and Samuel Dewey "was chosen Tithingmen and Sworn.

Jan. 30, 1733, "Nath^l Austin was Chosen to Go and treat with m^r "Pumroy or Hire Some other Gentlemen to Preach to us for a time."

Mar. 12, 1734, "Joseph Noble Anthony Austin and Thomas Lee ware "Chosen Tything Men and Sworn." (The election of Tything-men took place at every annual meeting until within the memory of many now living.)

June 7, 1734, "voted to Give m^r. Eben^e Devotion A Call to the work "of the ministrie In this Town—

"Mathew Noble Ezekiel Ashley and Philip Calender ware Chosen a "Committee to Treat with m^r Devotion In order for Settling In the "work of the Ministrie"—

Oct. 18, 1734, "voted to allow m^r. Ebenezer Devotion fourteen "shillings to be paid to Elisha Noble for Keeping m^r. Devotions Horse "While he was Here." (Rev. Ebenezer Devotion, A. M., graduated at Yale College in 1732; was afterward, I think, pastor of the church at Windham, Conn. He died in 1771. He was probably the first man to preach the Gospel in what is now Berkshire county.)

Oct. 18, 1734, the town voted to hire "m^r Benjamin Pumroy" to preach for them six weeks. Dec. 20, they extended him a call. Mar. 17, 1735, they renewed the call, but in vain. June 26, 1735, they extended a call to "m^r. Jonathan Hubbard," who accepted.

[M. N., Jr.]

(3.) This following is a transcript of the "remarkable" action or resolutions alluded to in the text, of January 12th, 1773.

In the following the record is transcribed, as nearly as possible, "*verbatim et literatim*." It will be perceived that the Scribe who made the entry, was unskilled. On the fifth of January, 1773, a Committee "to take into Consideration the Grievences which Americans in general and the Inhabitants of this province in particular labour under," was "Schozen, viz. Theodore Sedgwick, Dⁿ Silas Kellogg, Col^o Ashley, Doc^r Lem.^l Barnard, Mr. Aaron Root, Major John Fellows, Mr. Philip Callender, Capⁿ W^m Day, Deaⁿ Eben^e Smith, Capⁿ Nath^l Austin & Capⁿ Stephen Dewey."—This Com^t reported Jan. 12, 1773—as follows—

"The Committee of this Town, Appointed to take into consideration the Greviances which Americans in general and the Inhabitants of this Province in particular labor under, and to make a Draught of such proceedings as they think are necessary for this Town in these critical circumstances to enter into, Report as follows, viz: that,

“This Town taking into there serious consideration and deeply lamenting the unhappy situation to which Americans in general and his Majestys most faithful subjects the Inhabitance of this Provence in peticular are, reduced, owing to the jealous Eye with which America hath been veiwed by several british Administrations, since the Accesion of his present most Greacious Magesty to the throne and veiwing with the deepest Sorrow the Design of Great Britain (which is but too apparent to every Virtuous Lover of his Country) gradually to deprive us of invaluable Rights and previlidges, which were transmitted to us by our worthey and independent Ancestors at the most laborious and dangerous Expence Should asteem ourselves greatly wanting in the Duty we owe ourselves, our Country and posterity, Called upon as we are by our Brethren, the respectable Town of Boston, should we neglect with the utmost Firmness and freedom to express the Sence we have of our present Dangerous Situation, always professing, as with Truth we do, the most emicolable Regard and Attachment to our most gracious Sovereign and protestant Succession as by Law established, we have with that Deference and Respect due to the Country on which we are and always hope to be dependent, entered into the following Resolves. viz

Resolved that Mankind in a state of Nature are equal, free and independent of each Other, and have a right to the undisturbed Enjoyment of there lives, there Liberty and Property.

Resolved that the great end of political Society is to secure in a more effectual manner those Rights and previlidges wherewith God & Nature have made us free—

Resolved that it hath a tendency to subvert the good end for which Society was instituted, to have in any part of the legislative Body an Interist seperate from and independent of the Interest of the people in general—

Resolved that affixing a Stipend to the Office of the Governer of the provence to be paid by money taken from the people without there consent creates in him an Intrest Seperate from and independent of the people in general—

Resolved that the peaceful Enjoyment of any preveliges to the people of this provence in a great measure (under God) depends upon the uprightness of and independency of the Exeutive Officers in general, and of the Judges of the Superior Court in peticuler—

Resolved that if Salleries are affixed to the office of the Judges of the superior Court rendering them independent of the people and dependent on the Crown for there support (which we have too much Reson to think is the Case) it is a precedent that may hereafter, conceeding the Depravity of human Nature, be improved to purposes big with the most Obvious and fatal consequences to the good people of this provence—

Resolved that Americans in general (and his Magestes Subjects the Inhabitants of this Province in perticuler, by there Charter) are intitled to all the Liberties, Priviledges and Immunities of natural born british Subjects—

Resolved That it is a well-known and undoubted priviledge of the british Constitution that every Subject hath not only a Right to the free and uncontroled enjoymment use and Improvement of his estat or property so long as he shall continue in the possession of it, but that he shall not in any maner be deprived there of in the whool or in part untill his conscent given by himself or his Representative hath been previously for that purpos expresly obtained—

Resolved that the late acts of the parlement of Great Breton expresporpos of Rating and regulating the colecting a Revenew in the Colonies: are unconstitutional as thereby the Just earning of our labours and Industry without Any Regard to our own concent are by mere power revished from us and un limited power by said acts and commisions put into the hands of Ministeral hirelings are the Deprivation of our inestimable and constitutional priviledge, a Trial by Jury, the determanation of our property by a single Judge paid by one party by Money illegally taken from the other for that purpos, and the insulting Diference made between british and American Subjects are matters truly greavious and clearly evince a Disposition to Rule us with the Iron Rod of Power—

Resolved that the interduction of civil Officers unknown in the Charter of this Province with powers which Render Property, Domestic Security and Enjoyment of the Inhabitance altogether Insecure are a very great greavence.

Resolved that it is the Right of every subject of Great Breton to be tried by his peers of the vicinity, when charged with any crime, that any act of the parliment of Great Breatain for Distroying this priviledge and tearing away Subjects from there Connections, Friends, Business and the possibility of evincing there Innocence, and carrying them on bare Suspicion to the Distance of Thousands of Miles for a trial is an troble Grevance. [This is nearly as it is written. It is evident the person who entered these minutes into the town records, did not understand the purport, or else was very careless.]

Resolved That the Great and general Coart of this Province have it in there power in consequence of Instrutions from the Ministry only, too exempt any Man or Body of Men residing within and Receiving Protection from the Laws of this Province from contrebuting there equal Propotion to wards the Support of Government within the same nor can any such instrections or orders from the Ministry of Great Breton Justify Such Proceedings [for] should this be the Case it will follow of consequence that the whole Province Tax may Be laid and one or more persons as shall Best suit with the Caprice of the Ministry--

Resolved that any Determination or adjudication of the King in Counsel with Regard to the Limits of Provinces in America, where by Private Property is or may [be] affected, is a great grevence already very severely felt by Great Numbers, who after purchasing Lands of the Only Persons whome they would sopose had any Right to Convey have on a sudding, by such an adjudication been deprived of there whole Property and from a state of affluance reduced to a state of Beggary

Resolved That the great and general Coart of this Province can constitutionly make any Laws or Regulations, Obligatory upon the inhabbitance there of residing with in the Same—

Voted That the Town Clark duly Record the prosedings of This Meeting, and Make a true and attested Copy There of as soon as may be and forward the same to David Ingersole Jun^r Esq^r, The Representative of This Town, at the great and general Court at Boston who is hereby Requested to consider the above Resolves as the Sence of his Constitu acts [*sic*] the Town of Sheffield and to the — centituonal Menes [*sic*] in his Power that the Greaviances complained of may be redressed, and where as the Province of New York, by the most unjustifiable Prosedings have by a late act of there general Assembly extended the Limits of the County of Albany East as far as Conneticut River, and under pertence of having by that act the legual Jurisdiction with in that part of this province, by Said Act included within The County of Albany have exercised Actual jurisdiction, and the officers of the County of Albany without the least pretence of any Presept from the Orthority On this side the Line, by Colour of a warrant, executed in that County upon suspison that a man had been guilty of a crime in this County, taken him and carried him to Albany for examination in Inditement crimes have been tryed, to have been cometted at Sheffield in the County of Albany, Mr. Engersell is here by requested to use his Utmost Influence that the Alarming consequences from such proceedings dreaded, may be prevented & That the Fears of the people may be quieted by a speedy Determanation of that unhappy controversy And where as it hath been reported that the support given by the great and general Court to the Judges of the Superier Court hath been in addaquate to the service performed, Mr. Engersoll is here by requested that (if this Report shall appear to be founded in truth) he use his Influence Saleries may augmented, to such a sum as shall be sufficient to support the Dignity of the office

Theodore Sedgwick p^e Ord

Which being twice Reade distinctly It was put to Vote paragraph by paragraph Whether the town would Accept of Such a Report it pased in the affirmative Nemine Contradicente.—

(4.) The first "Town Meeting" in Sheffield was held at the house "Mr

obadiah Noble" Jan. 16, 1733. The following is the record of the meeting :

"voted mathew Noble Chosen moderator

"voted at the Same meeting Hezekiah Noble Chosen Town Clerk and
"sworn

"voted at Same meeting John Smith Philip Calender and Daniel Kellogg
"was chosen Selectmen

"voted at the meeting & Daniel Kellogg was chosen Town Treasurer and
"Sworn

"voted at the Same meeting and Joseph Taylor and Elisha Noble was
"Chosen Constables and Sworn

"voted at the Same meeting Thomas Lee Anthony Austin and Samuel
"Dewey was Chosen Tithing men and Sworn

"voted at the Same meeting Nathaniel Austin and obadiah Noble was
"Chosen fenceviewers and Sworn

"voted at the Same meeting and Jonathan Root was Chosen Sirveyer
"and Sworn"—

[The names of Taylor and Root are not now found upon our lists of voters. The other names still continue with us. M. N., Jr.]

(5) These interesting rolls are furnished by Mr. Thomas Austin, of Erie, Penna.

"The following is a return of MINUTE MEN in the Third Company in the First Regiment in the county of Berkshire July 11, 1776.

(Signed) ABNER CALLENDER,
Clerk.

Serg ^t . Nathaniel Callender	Jonathan Spalding
Corp ^l . Solomon Triscot	Zebulon Spalding
Joseph Callender	Samuel Warn
Joseph Church	Jacob Warn
Samuel Triscot, jr.	Benajah Orcut
David Callender	Amos Gill
Seth Triscot	Ebenezer Jones
Elijah Baccus	David Dunham, jr.
David Keys	

"Roll of Lieut. Enoch Noble's" Comp.. in Colo. Mark Hopkins Regiment of Foot Being the first Regiment in the County of Berkshire.

Dated

Sheffield, June 13, A. D. 1776.

Lieu ^t Enoch Noble	" Benjamin Cowle, jr
" Jeremiah Hickock	" Jasper Saxton
Serg ^t Anthony Austin	Clerk Joseph Kingman
" Anthony Goodenier	Corp ^l Joseph Goodrich

Corp ^l .	Amos Eldridge	<i>Privates.</i>	Zachariah Noble
"	Ebenezer Kellogg	"	Silas Marvin
"	Elisha Smith	"	John Fellows
Drummer.	Irie Beach	"	Benjamin Bush
Fifer.	Darius Butler	"	Benjamin Fuller
<i>Privates.</i>	Samuel Bush	"	Nathaniel Downing
"	Ephraim Kellogg	"	Noah Hubbard
"	Joseph Cook	"	Joseph Steele
"	David Hickock	"	Ebenezer Smith, jr.
"	Paul Dewey	"	Elias Hopkins
"	John Austin	"	Jonathan Parkes
"	Obadiah Bush	"	Benjamin Spalding
"	Joseph Seeger	"	Dan Raymond
"	David Walker	"	Samuel Kinsman
"	Nathaniel Westover	"	William Bement
"	Aaron Fairchild	"	Aaron Root, jr.
"	Elijah Austin	"	Thos Hart
"	Joel Kellogg	"	Silvester Barnard
"	Ephraim Case	"	Timothy Hubbard
"	Augustine Austin	"	Thomas Halten
"	Gideon Kellogg	"	Samuel Shears
"	Whiting Sheldon	"	John Obryn
"	Nathaniel Cowle	"	Mathew Noble
"	Benjamin Bramin	"	Aaron Miller
"	Ezekiel Noble	"	Abner Ashley
"	John Cotten	"	Joseph Churchel
"	Joshua Boardman	"	Ruben Jackson
"	Joseph Taylor	"	Aaron Hubbard
"	Joseph Corben	"	Roger Noble
"	William Johnson	"	Jeremiah Fox
"	William McGachy		

25 Guns, 3 with Bayonets. Every man had Wadding.

Third Company of Foot in the First Regiment County of Berkshire-
July 11, 1776.

Capt.	Roswell Downing	(Privates)	Job Westover
Lieut.	Elisha Ensign	"	Zacheus Spalding
"	Theophilus Spalding	"	Shubel Warring
Clerk.	Abner Callender	"	James Linzey
Serg ^t .	Comfort Callender	"	Samuel Bibbins
"	John Hubbell	"	Noah Westover
"	Joab Austin	"	Johnathan Nicals
Corp ^l	Sam ^l Joslin	"	Samuel Hatch
"	Stephen Tuttle	"	William Roach
"	William Stephens	"	Henry Keys
(Privates)		"	Jeremiah Dunham
"	William Day, jr.	"	John Westover
"	David Ferry	"	Aaron Taylor
"	Moses Eggleston	"	Zadock Loomis
"	Joshua Lebaron	"	Enos Kellogg

(Privates) David Clark, jr	" Nehemiah Kellogg.
" Moses Westover	
" Peter Noble	23 Guns
" Solomon Noble	5 Bayonets
" John Nichols	16 Blankets
" Asa Kellogg	4 $\frac{3}{4}$ lbs Powder
" Daniel Taylor	220 Balls
" Daniel Pattin	30 Flints
" Philip Callender, jr.	8 Knapsacks
" Aron Slate	19 Horns
" Linze Joslin	8 Priming Wires
" Jesse Hoocker	6 Brushes
" Elisha Ensign, jr.	[M. N., Jr.]

(6) [Perhaps as notable an example of the general use of ardent spirits, and as early a conception of the dangers of such use, as can be found anywhere, is given in these extracts from the Sheffield town-records.

May 22, 1735—"voted to Set the meeting House on a Certain Nole of
 "Land Easterly of Mr William Goodriches Dwelling House which is In
 "the Street or Highway
 "at the same meeting voted to allow three Barrels of Good Beare towards
 "or for the Raising of the meeting house
 "at the same meeting voted to allow twenty Gallons of Rumb towards
 "or for the Raising of the meeting house or for the towns use
 "at the same meeting voted to allow twenty pounds of Suger to go with
 "the Rhumb
 "at the same meeting Obadiah Noble and Ensign Ashley ware made
 "choice of to Dool out Drink to the labourers when it is convenient
 "and Likewiss to Sell Drink to Strangers or towns People and also to
 "Recieve the money likewiss Ensign Ashley to Serve as Pinman
 "at the same meeting voted to allow no Drink to the Labourers after
 "they are Dismist from Labour.
 "at the Same meeting voted to fine all persons that are Delinquent, viz
 "Such Persons as are Capable or Servisable In Raising of the meeting
 "House on the Days Here after mentioned the Sum of ten shillings a
 "Day for Each Defolt."

Such were the regulations adopted and preparations made "for the Raising of the meeting House." These men are not to be judged by our standard. There was not the same moral delinquency shown in this action of theirs that is seen in the use of "grab bags," and "guess cakes," and "raffles," so common at the present day, for these things are known to be wrong, and are forbidden by law.

The other extract is forty-two years later, March 11, 1777.

"Voted that no Person shall Sell Spirittnous Liquors without liberty from the Selectmen and Committee of Inspection also that they Inspect Licenced houses——"

M. N., Jr.]

ADDRESS.

BY THE HONORABLE A. H. DAILEY.

KIND FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS:—

This good old town which has called her citizens together and her children home to commemorate the heroic acts of their fathers, is faithful to the traditions of New England hospitality; faithful in its duty to the honored dead; alive to the value of present blessings, and steadfast to the cause of liberty.

You who were here born, and here have always lived, can never know the emotions that fill the heart as the wanderer, returning, catches the first glimpse of the grand old mountains on the west, the hills on the east, and the old church spires in the town. The pen cannot write nor the tongue speak all the heart can feel. To come again to this same place where, more than twenty years ago, we were wont to gather, in friendly annual reunion, and to now feel and know that in so short a time I am almost a stranger in my native town, because so many are not who then were living, that children have grown to man and womanhood, saddens the heart, chokes the utterance, and impresses the too often forgotten lesson, that life is as brief as its duties are grave. Of those who go out into the world, to plunge at once into active and continuous strife in a career laid down at starting, how few reach the goal of their ambition, or the elevated plane the imagination saw when, with resolute step and aspiring hope, the back was turned upon the scenes and endearments of early life, and the face set sternly against the obstacles to success.

New scenes and new duties, whilst they divert, never can efface from the yearning heart of the New Englander the sacred memories of home, and to him there is no home but the land of his birth. The rest of the world may be his theatre of action—it may enchant and delight him—but he still loves New England, with her mountains and rugged hills, her barren rocks and smiling valleys, her crystal streams and pleasant villages; her pure air and sapphire skies; her churches and school-houses; her intelligence, and freedom-loving people; and all that combination of quality and association which makes New England peculiar to herself. Were I to be born again, and could I be consulted upon that very important event in a man's life, I would say, let it be as it was before, and my first breath of life be the inspiration of the air of New England.

Kind friends who may be with us to-day from other lands, or parts of our common country, will pardon our pride in New England, and please consider us not as intending to disparage any other, when we speak of what we deem peculiarly our own. If we have been modest for a hundred years past (and of course we have), we propose to talk to-day, if we keep silent for a hundred years to come. Our pride, if assailed to-day, we stand ready to defend. If the achievements of the past give us no right to pride, as natives of this town, as children of the old Bay State, then had the Roman citizen no right to glory in Rome, when that mighty city was mistress of the world. Let us justify our words, and the deeds we commemorate.

It has long been conceded that man from a low intelligence and primitive state has advanced, by means of mental culture and physical training, to a much higher scale of being; and, although he is still man, with thews, sinews, and brains, like unto his ancestors, he now lives amid the hum of industries, and the majestic play of powers and agencies which, even a hundred years ago, were slumbering giants in the productive bosom of the natural world. Man was not made for the world, but from a beginning out of that chaos which we strive in vain to penetrate, revolved this mass which Infinite Wisdom, through unfathomable ages, fashioned and stored for the noblest and last of created beings—man, with a soul thirsting for knowledge, and grasping for God. The earth is his, with its products garnered by his hand; its latent forces and powers, which his genius has quickened into activity; all his servants—the industry of brain, nerve and muscle—are imperative requirements of nature, to meet the constantly increasing demands of his being. Over and above all this, is the consciousness of that awful Presence which the soul feels is its light, its life, wherever it may be—whether upon the restless seas, in the solitude of the wilderness, on the arid desert, or in the jargon of battle, demanding unlimited freedom of access to the throne of the Father.

All these rights are inalienable to his nature, they are God-given prerogatives; and every law which subverts them, oppressive, and the power which enforces it, is despotic. It is a sad commentary upon our race, that so much of human history is filled with the struggles and persecutions of men, the awful agencies employed to crush out from man a part of his nature, or to conform it by force of physical suffering to the dogmatic notions of others. Millions upon millions of men have died in the Old World, in defence of those rights, and as many more to subvert them. For centuries before Luther and Calvin led the revolt in France, Italy, and Germany, against the bondage of man's religious life, the yokes of oppression had become so irksome, and the priestcraft so shameless in extortions and moral corruption, that

the advent of these reformers was hailed with delight by a class of men whose notions were already in revolt and in consonance with these champions of religious freedom. And for seventy-five years following, amid scenes of terror and suffering, such as we to-day cannot imagine, in those countries, and in England, were men and women who braved the most fiendish tortures in defence of religious freedom, upon racks constructed with devilish ingenuity, to produce the greatest amount of human suffering, the roasting of their bodies at the stake:—all this they endured, and gloried in a triumphant death, proving again to the world that man's religious faith is master over the suffering of the flesh, and cannot be subdued. A large class of these men soon were known as Puritans, and were remarkable for the purity of their lives, the depth and simplicity of their faith, their superior mental powers, and toleration of religious opinions. It was this stock of men which had risen superior to those around them, which had formed and assimilated as the natural outgrowth of ages, that, in the sixteenth century, broke loose from the grasp of the Romish Church in France and Germany, struck the despotism of Charles I, in England, under the leadership of Cromwell, and overthrew the house of Stuart.

This is the ancestral stock of New England. From those men came the Puritans, who peopled these States; and if the love of freedom and justice, graced with Faith, Hope and Charity, was ever a natural element in the heart, blood, bone and marrow of men, it was in these. Add, then, to this, that iron will which characterized them, so that they knew and would know no master but God, and you have a stock of men, from which we *are* proud to have descended. We are not unaware of the grave errors of these men. Poor human nature has not yet produced its faultless types. If their zeal was at times like Saul's, when, to serve God, he ignorantly abetted the murder of his chosen disciple, their errors were of short duration; for, conscientious at heart, asking nothing from others which they did not exact from themselves, they stood in the fear of God, and labored for the welfare of mankind, and cast aside the follies incident to their early life, as a wise and prudent manhood does those of youth. They had long been hampered in action; the freedom of speech had been repressed, and they had been impoverished by extortions, and, lacking that discretion which experience gives, they, in turn, exacted, for a time, an obedience from others to their requirements, which, to-day, would not be tolerated for an hour.

This world had never seen before, and probably will never see again, the spectacle of a little ship, crowded to its utmost, with men, women, and children, and all their earthly possessions, turning forever, not only from the scenes and endearments of early life, but from civilization itself: the hazarding the perils of the ocean, the sufferings and privations of

an inclement winter, to make for themselves new homes among barbarous tribes of Indians; in the wilderness of forests, where the white man had never been, and all for the sake of a principle. That Providence which makes the sparrows fall, controlled the winds and the waves. As if to lessen the force of the barbarians on the frontiers, a pestilence had gone before, and literally exterminated tribes of Indians; and, almost as miraculous as the fall of manna in the wilderness, were the stores of corn found heaped and covered upon the shores, on landing, for the famishing pioneers.

The founding of a nation cannot be assimilated to any work of human hands. The aggregation of material matter bears slight comparison to the forming nucleus of a nation. The incipient steps here taken, were the precursors of success. As these pioneers commenced and established their government, so would they naturally expect that all who followed them, would become willing citizens to support and defend it. These men were chosen pioneers for this very work, and adapted to the stupendous task before them. Whilst I have been, and trust I ever shall be, zealous in the defence of the rights of every man, of whatever race or color, to those natural prerogatives our ancestors demanded for themselves, yet I am not of those who believe that the races of men are equal in all those qualities which the highest type of manhood shows. Do you ask me, Is it fair to make distinctions like this among our fellow-men? I answer, No, but the races themselves have made it; and, so long as they remain distinct and separate, they will continue with the lines plainly and sharply drawn between them.

True flesh is flesh, and blood is blood, and brain is brain, the world over. So is rock rock, and wood is wood everywhere; but the trap-rock of the Hudson is not like the granite of Quincy, nor the yellow diamonds of South Africa like the peerless gems from the old mines of the East. Basswood may do for some domestic purposes, but oak must make the keels of ships, which are to withstand the surging of the ocean, and out-ride the fury of storms. So long as one race or class of people hold themselves aloof from all others, as the Jews have done from the days of Abraham, they will be found to maintain the type and characteristics of their ancestors from the first generation; and the exhumed works of the sculptor's hand, of three thousand years ago, show the Jew of to-day as identical in feature and figure with his ancient sire: and all the world knows that the shrewdness of Jacob has not yet departed from Israel.

Therefore, giving to all, that consideration to which history entitles them, to-day the Anglo-Saxon leads all in the progressive march of nations. And whilst our ancestors became pioneers in the great cause of human freedom, the circling years are unfolding the majestic working of the great plans of the Master Builder and Creator of all, and these

pure-hearted and fearless men became the founders of a nation, destined at the outset to amaze and startle the world.

When a river has made its channel from the mountain to the sea, the flow of its water is easy and constant. All the rills and springs unite to make the brook, the brook to make the river, and the river is lost in the ocean. The bread which feeds the body to-day, makes bone, flesh and blood to-morrow. So likewise, when a government was once established by these colonists, here came flocking, in increasing streams, refugees from nearly every nation in Europe.

If here they could find no haven of rest, then the whole world was to them a desert without an oasis or rock of shelter from the storms of evil passion with which they were pursued.

Here came Germans, Netherlanders, Irish, Scots, Huguenots, Swedes and Moravians, losing their several nationalities in the formation of a new one. From 1620 down to the beginning of the 18th century, Massachusetts and Connecticut were mainly peopled from England, but, after that, came more freely the refugees I have named, with very marked resemblance in type and character to the Puritans themselves. True, other settlements were rapidly made on the Atlantic frontier, but those colonists followed in the wake of the great New-England enterprise. Great Britain, from Maine to Florida, claimed by that very questionable right, the right of discovery, the absolute fee to the Atlantic frontier, and every colonist as a British subject. Great Britain, absolute mistress as she was of the seas, clung with tenacious grasp to every foot of land upon which her banner had been planted, and the American Continent had already been partitioned, by imaginary lines, among the great powers of Europe. Whilst the colonists freely joined with England to resist the encroachments of the French, they were jealous of any abridgment of those rights which were heirlooms from their fathers, and the birthright of their children. The colonies had that feeling of respect for England which naturally came from the position she occupied as a sovereign power among the nations of the world, as being the Mother which had given them permission to live and take care of themselves, to be obedient to the governors sent out to them, and humble petitioners before the throne. If they felt pride in England, it was subdued by the bitter memories of the past; and, when reproached for lack of filial love, they recounted the long years of sorrow and distress, the smarting of the lash of persecution which had driven their fathers from the maternal roof.

They knew that the spirit within them, which resented English exaction, was born of the blood of martyrs. Their dying wails still rang in their ears, and they seemed impressed with the very sense of their presence around them. They remembered the terrible throes of anguish out of which the Protestant religion had come, as they perused the pages

of their Scriptures, blotted by the tears of sainted mothers. They were inspired with eternal vigilance as the safeguard of their liberties, and they became as watchmen upon towers, lest their rights should be subverted.

Discussion is the agitation which stirs the mud at the bottom of the stream of popular thought, and eventuates in crystal sentiment. Every act of England in regard to colonial matters, was the subject of discussion here, and every aggression upon their rights met the remonstrance of the people. Revolution was the natural sequence of an effort to enforce compliance with obnoxious laws, which plainly portended the destruction of colonial rights, or independence from British power.

In her conduct towards the colonies, England was true to herself. As a nation, the English are proverbially selfish. It has well been said of the genius of England, it cares little for *abstract* liberty, but it will defend *its* liberties to the death. "It cares little for the rights of man, but for the rights of *English* man, it will fight till from its bones the flesh be hacked."

Edmund Burke, eloquent in defence of colonial rights, and appreciating with a keen sense the power and spirit of our people, whilst expressing scorn at presuming to the right to tax the colonies, significantly added: "So has a man a right to shear a wolf." Let it never be forgotten that the cause of our fathers against England was rooted in their hearts and kindled the fires of war, not because they were unable to comply with her demands, but because obedience was acquiescence in, and acknowledgment of, her right to unlimited exaction.

The emergency to which the Bostonians were found equal in drawing so much English breakfast tea in the cold waters of Massachusetts Bay, was but a faint indication of that terrible determination at the hearts of these men.

With all the facilities of to-day for the interchange of thought, for the transmission of intelligence, for the transportation of armies and general travel, what would be our condition at this moment were we deprived of these great blessings, and, in this respect, placed as our fathers were in this very town one hundred years ago? A resolution of the citizens of this town to-day can be read in Congress in ten minutes afterwards. Then the most rapid means known would fail to lay it before that body at Philadelphia in less than four days. To-day, were Boston menaced by an enemy, to-morrow Berkshire county would parade her militia on Boston Common. A hundred years ago it consumed from ten days to two weeks to summon and receive aid from this town; and even then the patriot soldier would come to the front wearied and foot-sore. When President Lincoln sounded the alarm and called the nation to arms, in less than forty-eight hours Massachusetts soldiers were in the streets

of Baltimore, returning the rebel fire as they hastened to the imperilled capital.

Maine, at the commencement of the struggle in 1775, was a province of Massachusetts, with a few settlements on the largest rivers; dense forests covered the interior, and, to a great extent, the frontier of what is now a prosperous State. Vermont and New Hampshire were scantily settled at various places. Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island were comparatively thickly settled for those days. What is now the centre of the great State of New York, was then a mere hunting-ground of the savage; Niagara was a British post; a few fortifications extended along the thickly-wooded regions of Lake Champlain and Lake George; Albany was a small city, and the City of New York, which now has its million of souls, was bounded by the City Hall Park, and the East and North rivers. New Jersey, destined to be the theatre of several campaigns, and ravaged by friend and foe, was as powerful as any colony of no greater extent of territory. Pennsylvania, rich in mineral as well as in agricultural productions, was fast developing herself; but, like New York, her rivers moved ceaselessly among forests in the centre and western part of the State, and most of her valleys and hills were yet in their natural wildness. The same was true of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, and, to a great extent, of Maryland and Delaware. An immense seaboard stretching from Maine to Georgia, dotted here and there by new-born cities and growing villages, was unprotected by forts or fortifications; mighty rivers, the channels of communication with the interior, were bordered with well-cultivated fields, but infant colonies could not be expected to have raised along their banks fortifications to overlook their waters, and oppose the passage of hostile fleets. To fell the forest, subdue the soil, build houses, maintain schools for the education of their children, and defend them against the attacks of the stealthy and merciless savage, had constantly taxed the utmost exertions of the early settlers of these States.

It is true that, in 1775, Daniel Boone had penetrated to Kentucky, and, before the termination of the Revolution, a few pioneers returned to take part in the final struggle which ended the long contest. A few travellers had explored, but migration had not as yet commenced to the central and most fertile part of our country. This vast region, which now comprises Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and all beyond, was then a wilderness and the home of the savage.

Three million souls comprised the entire population of these infant colonies, and upon them was cast the burden of a war, which should shape the destiny of the world.

Lexington, which, a year ago, celebrated with appropriate honors the centennial of the bloody scenes enacted on her historic fields on the 19th

day of April, 1775, suddenly became the theatre of war. Then, for the first time, the reality of battle stunned the senses of the peaceful colonists, as they saw their fathers, sons and brothers falling in death before the fire of British soldiers. A momentary pause followed the rattle of musketry, and then on flying feet from every side came the avenging yeomanry, whose swift and fatal fire brought havoc and destruction on the hostile force, and ended in their complete discomfiture and rout.

The immediate effect of resort to arms to enforce obedience, was to unite and harmonize the discordant views of the colonists upon questions of policy, and concentrate their action as to the means of defence. Party animosities and personal rancor are often swallowed up and lost sight of, in moments of great impending danger.

The main question before the country was, How shall the issue be met? Shall it be a war of resistance only, or shall the battle be waged for the sovereignty of the colonies as independent States? Shall we strike and sever allegiance to the crown, or resist until the crown complies with our demands? And for a moment, let us calmly look to the chances of success as the field lay before our patriot fathers a hundred years ago, remembering that life is ever teaching the proneness of children born to fortune, to forget the labor and self-denial by which it was amassed, to lightly value and waste in prodigality the heritage from their fathers.

In all the undertakings of life, the good-will of men accelerates the labor, and gives warrant of success. Remember that

"Tis a common proof
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upwards turns his face;
But, when he once attains the upmost,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend."

Remember that he who commences life at the upmost round, lacks that schooling of which experience is the unrelenting master, and too often ignores the cost of present blessings, and, stumbling, falls a victim to his own folly. To-day, in the vastness of power, we lose sight of the swaddling-clothes of early life, and forget the cradle in which our liberties were rocked! In manhood we forget the weakness of youth, and the nurture and care by which its strength has been attained. A few of the dark forebodings of the hour crowd in upon the mind to-day, to kindle for the patriot dead, in more resplendent hues, the halo of glory which encircles their memory.

But where was the good-will of nations when the colonies struck for national life? The great powers of the world were hostile to revolution, and the enemies of Democracy. Around the thrones of emperors and kings bristled the bayonets by which they were upheld. The freedom

of men bore that semblance of reality that the fleshless skeleton does to the living being in the roundness of health and the glow of life. If sympathy should come, it was most likely to come from those who most needed it themselves. If disaster followed their efforts at last, their cause would sink with no friendly hand outreached to save them from the ocean of destruction. The monarchists were everywhere in the ascendant, and popular will, wherever it had sought expression, had been crushed under the iron heel of despotism. If alliance with foreign powers were made, and aid thus obtained, it would result from hatred to England, rather than from love for them.

Love and hatred are two strong elements in human character, but are of little account in shaping the policy of nations.

For centuries, history was replete with the struggles of nations and peoples for freedom, with scarcely an example of triumph, but a painful record of failures. Switzerland, with the natural protection of her impassable barriers, was simply a gem of light in Alpine setting, as cold and unsympathizing as the glaciers in her mountains. In the centre of despotic Europe, she was isolated from commercial relations with the outer world, and could only cheer others by the recorded deeds of her daring leaders.

Poland, long the field of bitter strife, vexed and harassed by internal feuds, encouraged and fostered by the intrigues of neighboring powers, was in the final throes of death. The bravery of her people, the devotion and skill of her leaders, could not withstand treachery, and the combined efforts of Russia, Prussia and Austria against her life. Her armies were decimated, her generals driven into exile, and lamentation heard through her borders. The spirit of her people, if unconquered, was wasted against the superior force which crushed their power. As a nation, she was dismembered and divided as spoil among her despoilers. The grasp of Russia upon her has never relaxed. Her star, from its once proud eminence in the galaxy of nations in the East, has fallen into utter darkness; but, as it sunk in night above the smoke of battle, another suddenly ascended the western horizon, resplendent with the rays of hope for the oppressed of all nations,—even now, thank God! for the poor African.

Scotland had recently been the scene of two rebellions against the unity of that ancient kingdom with England and Ireland, designed to restore the throne to the line of Stuarts, which had ended with the execution of Mary Queen of Scots by order of Elizabeth of England.

Each had been quickly suppressed, and Scotland,—the land of the achievements of Sir William Wallace and Robert Bruce; the home of Sir Walter Scott and Robert Burns, bards of immortal verse and song,—still remains an integral part of the British Empire.

The ancient kingdom of Ireland, which archæologists claim antedates the Christian era, for many centuries had lost her sovereignty as a nation. With bitter hatred for England, with devotion and love for the Green Island of their birth, the Irish had, again and again, smitten the shackles of their thralldom, and battled for liberty.

The blood and lives of the noblest sons of Ireland had been sacrificed upon the altar of their country, but, alas ! her leaders, whom Moloch had spared, were in exile, her green flag in the dust, and her harp on the willows.

But, against all this, it was urged that Europe was the scene of great political commotions. That the agitations foreboding the shaking of thrones, and the movements of armies, in which Napoleon Bonaparte was destined to become a chief actor, had already commenced ; and that the nations of the East were too busy in watching each other to divide their attention by taking action here. That England herself had grave interests to guard nearer home, which were paramount to any she had here ; and that the opportune moment had come for decisive action, on their part, by a Declaration of Independence.

It was urged that the English themselves were not a unit against them ; that the justice of their complaints, that the eloquence of Fox, Pitt, Burke and Lord Camden in behalf of the American cause, had taken a strong hold upon the public mind then, and would weaken the efforts of the crown to subject them by force of arms.

The course of events proved how false the hope such words inspired. Yet, to the immortal names of the men of England, who then espoused our cause against the storm of scorn from the imperial host, let America to-day and forever do honor. To such men as Fox, Pitt, Burke and Camden, the hearts of our fathers went out with unspeakable gratitude whilst they lived ; and we, their children's children, to-day standing by the urn of their sacred ashes, counting the falling grains from the shock of time, honor them as the champions of our liberties in a hostile court ; the defenders of our rights in the British Parliament where we were unrepresented, and steadfast friends when the battle raged.

England may pride herself upon the illustrious names of her statesmen, but around the names of these men is an imperishable lustre, which will never fade from the pages of English history. The work which comes from the heart to elevate mankind and relieve the oppressed, is born of God, and never dies. And these statesmen, although now dead to the dull sense of sight, as ages roll by, will become as speaking oracles to men and nations, more real than Delphic gods to the ancients, in ages past.

Philadelphia, now holding the central attraction of the world, soon to appropriately celebrate with august honors the Centennial of our National

birth, will be recreant to a duty which we owe, not only to the memory of our English friends in 1776, but to a duty which, in 1876, we owe to England herself, if upon that occasion she shall fail to wreath with laurel the unspeaking marble chiselled into the likeness of these illustrious Englishmen.

Lord Camden upon the floor of Parliament uttered these memorable words in the house of Lords: "My position is this,—I repeat it, I will maintain it to my last hour,—taxation and representation are inseparable. This position is founded in the laws of nature. It is more, it is itself an eternal law of nature. For, whatever is man's own, is absolutely his own; no man has a right to take it from him without his own consent. Whoever attempts it, attempts an injury; whoever does it, commits a robbery."

The wavering among the colonists were told that victory was seldom due to numerical strength. They had before them the example of Leonidas of Sparta, with his little band turning back the van of the army of Xerxes of 3,000,000 men, as it sought entrance into Greece. They were pointed to the victories of Alexander of Macedon, who, with 40,000 disciplined men, defeated and routed 3,000,000 Persians in battle, as showing that victory comes from vigilance, discipline, activity and bravery.

They were pointed to the extent of their country, the fertility of her soil, and the advantages they would have as defenders over an invading army in such a land.

It then became a serious question whether all the colonies would unite in the common purpose, and stand by each other to the last in the trying ordeal of a long and bitter war. Was the heart of the people deeply set in the cause of liberty, from a controlling sense of duty and love for the cause they had espoused; or, was the clamor a hasty expression of feeling, likely to subside when maturely considered with the realities of war actually upon them?

A Declaration of Independence was one thing, and independence quite another. A Declaration of Independence to the nations of the world would be an idle proclamation, and a disgrace to the men who signed it, unless it was made effective by the unflinching will of the people in concerted and harmonious action.

These were grave questions, maturely considered in the Continental Congress then in session, and the legislative halls of the several colonies. There were in those bodies men who deemed allegiance to the British crown paramount to the cause of liberty. The eloquence of the statesmen of 1776 will not be likely to be equalled by any oratory of their sons in 1876. The masterly power of human eloquence in rousing the energies and firing the souls of men to action, if equalled, was never surpassed before nor since the days of the American Revolution. The time for action had come. The season was auspicious, a nation was to be born,

and the terrible ordeal of travail through blood and death only could bring it to life.

God filled the souls of men with patriotic zeal; the hopeful assured the weak-hearted with courage. The logic of such men as Otis, Henry, Lee, and hosts of others, was unanswerable. Their words seemed to glow with the spirit of power, and men were controlled at the will of patriot statesmen in the good old days of 1776. Then from centre to border, from border to centre, in no uncertain tone went the voice of the people. It was heard from colony to colony, from city to city, from town to hamlet, and from hamlet to town. Virginia heard the angry voice of New England above the storm of battle and the smoke of her burning villages, and answered back with shouts for liberty. Then came the hardy sons of Sheffield together, laying aside the implements of husbandry to say to Congress that, for the cause of freedom and independence, they would on demand yield up, not only all their worldly possessions, but their lives upon the altar of their country.

The will of the people is the supreme law of any land. It was the will of the people that the colonies should be declared independent States. and these States one people among the nations of the world.

Their representatives accordingly disclosed it, and unfurled the banner of the nation, and spangled it with the stars of hope. To recite now the history of that long struggle which commenced in 1775, and finally ended in 1782, would be an unnecessary weariness to you who are familiar with those memorable events which transpired in the darkest hours of American history, and, now that they are past, make the pages which record them, of the deepest interest to us. The heroism of the people during those years has never been surpassed. War not only lays waste countries, destroys towns and villages, but makes desolated households.

It is the last resort of nations. When shall it cease forever, and men and nations live in the light of that better day? What discourse on the ways of man his deeds suggest, to one who feels for human suffering! Did fiends engraft the parent-stock with evils to entwine and choke a better growth, that man now hates his fellow? Why should the human heart bear parasites to sting and kill the fruit of noble purpose? When kings make war, their chariots override the slain, and mangled flesh and human gore mark the way to victory; ambition feasts her thirsty soul, and avarice, ever gaunt and unsatisfied, gluts and crams her maw with the ill-gotten gains of conquest. O kings of men and conquerors of men! are these true deeds of glory?

"Deeds! O miserable delusion of men's pride! Deeds! Cities sacked, fields ravaged, hearths profaned, men butchered! In your hour of doom, behold the deeds you boast of: from rank showers of blood and the red light of blazing roofs, you build the rainbow of glory, and to shuddering

conscience cry, Lo! the bridge to Heaven!" And yet war must come, but woe! woe! to those who, from sceptred thrones or places of power, for the glory of triumph lead nations into its terrible vortex, where no vital principle or question of right underlies the quarrel.

But war must rage, men must fight, and sorrow and desolation come, when principles vital to nations are to be sacrificed, unless rescued by this terrible means. And so, through long years of suffering and privations, which to-day we cannot realize, the nation was led by those invincible men at the head of state and armies into the light of peace.

Upon Washington devolved the task of organizing and disciplining troops unaccustomed to the field, and unschooled in the tactics of armies. With the little means at hand the magnitude of the work done surpasses comprehension. To the women of those days is largely due a meed of praise for the noble part they performed upon the field, in the camp, in hospitals and at home, for the cause of their country. Indeed, without their busy hands at the flying wheel, the singing spindle, and clanking loom, without their care of the sick and wounded, and cheer to their husbands, sons, and brothers, the cause of liberty here had died a hundred years ago, and we still would be the vassals of England.

It requires no strong faith to satisfy me that, were the necessity again upon us, the women of to-day would show themselves worthy daughters of their noble mothers of 1776, and would exchange their brocades and satins for the homespun goods of those days, and proudly learn the industries of their mothers at the loom and wheel.

True, the days for such work have gone, yet it is of peculiar interest now to learn how such work was done; and when during the late war we held a fair in Brooklyn, and raised nearly \$500,000 for the Sanitary Commission, a few of us New Englanders—and, by the way, we have a great many in Brooklyn—opened a New-England kitchen, and we found plenty of ladies who quickly donned the costumes of one hundred years ago, and made the old wheels and spindles sing again, and the flax made yarn from the distaffs as their mothers had taught them: and we thus added \$40,000 to that most excellent charity.

Against the defeats at Long Island, Brandywine and before Charleston, were the victories at Saratoga, Princeton, Trenton and Yorktown.

Alliance with France at last made haste the day of peace. When peace was finally declared in the early part of 1783, the total population of the States was a little under three millions of people. The total area of our territory was about 800,000 square miles. To-day the population of the nation cannot be less than forty-five millions, and the area of our territory upwards of three millions of square miles. Then our western boundary did not extend beyond the Mississippi, but now the national domain is bounded east and west by the great oceans of the globe.

What the total value of the real and personal estate of the nation aggregated at the close of the Revolution, we are not able to state, for no census was then taken. There was one element of wealth, however, which no census could have returned, or human being value. When the confederation of our States had been finally effected, and men saw and knew we were destined to remain one people, with a common flag and common army and navy to carry it, and that flag symbolized the principles enunciated by the Declaration of Independence, and vouchsafed to every human being, who should come under its protection, the enjoyment of all rights in accordance with those principles, the government itself was a source of wealth beyond the sanguine expectations of the zealots who created it.

Here was a vast continent which, for some wise purpose, as we now begin to comprehend, had been left unknown to civilized man from creation's dawn to the close of the fifteenth century, embracing within its vast expanse a soil unsurpassed in fertility, with rivers large enough for ships to carry the commerce of the world, with lakes like inland oceans, with mineral wealth exhaustless, with fruits and timbers great in variety, superior in quality and in ample abundance, and with climates unequalled; and this immense country was now opened to the world, with these inducements to men to come and make this their home. Here could come the refugees and exiles, the oppressed and over-worked from the crowded cities and countries of the East, and not be foreigners, but citizens, and feel that here at last was a home for all men; where every man could say, I am a citizen, and my rights, no matter how poor or weak I may be, are vouchsafed to me and my children forever.

That gateway of nations, the Atlantic, for a hundred years has been like a beaten highway, with its living freight of human souls, hastening here, as if to the land of promise.

"Thrice happy land, where he who flies
From the dark ills of other skies,
From scorn, and want's unnerving woes,
Here shelters him in proud repose."

Study, now, the history of nations, their growth, power, and extent, and compare them with our own: and how far have we outstripped the fleetest! The sudden growth of power here was destined to be made effective early in the present century, by another declaration of war with Great Britain, in 1812, and resulted from a series of aggressions by her naval vessels, in blockading our ports, and searching our vessels during the struggle between that power and France.

Three years more of war, and peace again came with Great Britain, which, although often threatened, has never been broken.

Although the limits of such an address as this must, of necessity, be

small, it would lack, and especially upon such an occasion, a great essential to completeness, did it fail to bring before us some statistics which show where the responsibility rests for the long existence of that national dishonor, human slavery, which has at last been wiped out in blood, and atoned for in national tribulation and sorrow. Far be it from me to delight in opening anew the deep wounds of the past, which, in time, will finally heal. But I am on old Massachusetts soil again, in my native town, where, a hundred years ago, the citizens made a record which shall be a pride to their posterity for ages yet to come; and one hundred years hence, when others yet unborn shall gather here, to commemorate their acts, let our words to-day show that, of this generation of men, not all have been willing fellows in the rank bed of human slavery.

Slavery is a relic of barbarism, older than civilization; older than any history, unless the Mosaic, and is maintained upon the principle that might makes right. "Might makes right!" A more monstrous assertion never found human utterance, and, bad as it is, it is the best justification that ever was given for slavery, which John Wesley characterized as the sum of all villainies.

The first cargo of slaves had been imported into Virginia before the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock, and slavery was an institution *fixed* and established by direct encouragement from England, long before the revolutionary struggle commenced.

At that time the colonies held in human bondage a half a million of African negroes, which then proved a source of great weakness in that struggle.

Slavery had its stronghold in the Southern States. None of the thirteen original states are without the disgrace of *once* having been the home of slaves. Such men as Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry, John Adams, and James Otis, saw and realized that the abstract principles of right, for which they so ably contended, were more than surface-deep, and that when they came to the question of freedom or slavery, if it turned upon the complexion of men, it was no principle at all, and a question of color only. And Thomas Jefferson, in drafting the Declaration of Independence, in the original, made use of very pointed allusions to our English cousins, who have often found great satisfaction in making invidious comparisons between England and ourselves, with all of our boasted freedom. Cowper said:

"Slaves cannot breathe the air of England.
Receive her air, that moment they are free;
They touch our country, and their shackles fall."

Jefferson said, in his indictment of King George III: "Determined to keep open a market where men shall be bought and sold, he has prostituted his negative for suppressing every legislative attempt to

prohibit or restrain this execrable commerce ; and that this assemblage of horrors might want no fact of distinguished dye, he is now exciting those very people to rise in arms among us, and purchase that liberty of which he has deprived them, by murdering the people on whom he has obtruded them, thus paying off former crimes committed against the liberties of one people, with crimes which he urges them to commit against the life of another." This clause, said Jefferson, was struck out in complaisance to South Carolina and Georgia, who still desired to continue the importation of slaves.

Thus early we find the leading statesmen of those days charging England with responsibility for the crime of slavery here, but South Carolina showing her cloven foot, and exposing thus early the secret of that bitter hatred which she has ever entertained for Massachusetts.

In 1790, the census showed slaves to be held as follows :—

New Hampshire, - - -	158	Maryland, - - -	103,036
Vermont, - - -	17	Virginia, - - -	293,427
Rhode Island, - - -	952	North Carolina, - - -	100,572
Connecticut, - - -	2,759	South Carolina, - - -	107,094
New York, - - -	21,324	Georgia, - - -	29,264
New Jersey, - - -	11,423	Kentucky, - - -	11,830
Pennsylvania, - - -	3,437	Tennessee, - - -	3,417
Delaware, - - -	8,887	Massachusetts, - - -	None

Massachusetts wiped out the last vestige of it in 1780, except such as existed when poor fugitives from bondage were taken from the hands of her outraged citizens, by United States authorities, and delivered up to their masters. Pennsylvania had provided for gradual emancipation in 1780, also. It is interesting reading now to occasionally glance at the statistics of Revolutionary days, and see what part New England performed in that contest. It is of interest to us to-day, now that we are speaking of results obtained by that war, to know what part these Southern States took in the establishment of that government which they undertook to overthrow and destroy, in 1861.

In that war, Massachusetts furnished 83,162 men, whilst the entire seven Southern States, including Maryland, Delaware, and Virginia, furnished only 64,876, being less, by 18,186 men, than Massachusetts furnished alone. And do not suppose that this was because Massachusetts was more populous, for they far exceeded her in population. Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia, had a greater population than all New England then, and New England furnished far more than double the number of men those States furnished, to gain the liberty of the nation.

These facts, gathered from what are deemed reliable sources, need no comment. They are too potent to be met. And what makes them monuments of honor to New England is, that, early in the contest, her

soil was found uncomfortable battle-fields for the enemy, and the conflict raged farther south, with better success to the invading forces.

In saying these things, I seek not to disparage the South, for I honor and love the names of the men she has furnished to the nation and the world. Virginia, the birthplace of so many presidents, may well be proud of the boon she has conferred upon nations and men; for the truly great and good belong to the whole world, rather than to one nation or age.

It is fair and just to-day, in reviewing the work of the nation, to show that the merit of men, people, and states, is held in just remembrance by the living. Let me, then, say, that sin, in whatever form it exists, gathers strength as it grows, and that familiarity with vice begets, in man's heart, the mantle with which he covers it from the reproaches of conscience.

The fallacious reasoning of men, whereby they satisfied themselves that slavery was no crime, and that it was a boon to the heathen, for this slight recompense, to bring them into the light of Christian love, was strong enough to withstand more Christian arguments, when directed to men whose ears and hearts were closed and deaf to all appeal. As we look back now upon the field over which the storm has passed, and observe the slow and steady growth of public sentiment for and against this institution, the means by which it was kept alive and in power, and the final culmination of the question, as to its future growth, in the decisive voice of the people at the ballot-box, we learn impressive lessons of the growth and power of truth, and gather fresh hope of the final destiny of man.

The very moment immorality has a commercial value, that instant it becomes potential. Men will aid and abet it in secret, and, as it becomes stronger, it assumes an air of respectability, and obtrudes itself among the decencies of men.

To maintain a balance of power, Texas, with all her slaves, was annexed, and became a State in the Union. The war with Mexico, whereby we became possessed of vast territories of incalculable wealth, was really waged more in the interest of slavery than most people supposed, and was designed to extend our territory south of a vacillating line which, by compromise, fixed its northern limit. Then came the long and bitter struggle to keep its awful blight from the new territories, and Kansas and Nebraska were opened to competition between the champions of slavery at the South, and the lovers of all mankind at the North. These are now historic matters, and we blush to-day, as we glance back and recall the shameful scenes of murder and rapine which followed the application of the doctrine of squatter sovereignty to our territories.

Out of that struggle to rescue those territories from the grasp of slavery; to protect Northern pioneers from border ruffians, swarming in from the

South, and particularly from Missouri, came one whose zeal, faith, courage, and fate, have inseparably connected him with the history of those days. John Brown was the sixth in lineal descent from Peter Brown, who came over in the *Mayflower*. He was what the world terms a fanatic. Probably not one person in ten thousand approved of the insane project of instigating insurrection among the slaves of Virginia, with a view to their emancipation by force of arms. He was of that stock of men whose very nature was at war with slavery. He hated sin and crime in any form, and, above all, he abhorred human slavery, as a crime which no law or earthly power could make right. He stood upon an elevation above the reach of man. He was of those whose blood had marked the way from bondage to freedom, for centuries past, to culminate in liberty for him and his posterity, but in slavery to the negro. His work was not done until the shackles should fall from every slave in the land. As he saw his duty, he sprang to the task, regardless of fate or consequences.

The blow he struck with a dozen men shook the nation, and threw the entire Southern States in a paroxysm of rage, and the North into astonishment.

The foolhardy enterprise caused universal derision. It was in violation of reason, as well as law; and yet, when it was known that John Brown—the John Brown of Puritan stock, the John Brown of the Adirondacks, the old John Brown of Ossawatimie—was the man who was striking at Harper's Ferry, our hearts stood still, for we knew it was the earnest work of a fearless man, in obedience to what he deemed conscious duty. The outraged laws of Virginia; the infuriated spirit of the Southern people, and the offended guardian angel of slavery, as a benign institution of the negro, alike demanded blood for blood, and old John Brown, with his comrades, died upon the gallows of Virginia. For him death had no terrors. He knew that the men who howled for his life would hasten the work of emancipation, by the shedding of his blood; and from the day of his death until the close of the rebellion, his soul was marching on. The force of such a character as his, will be felt as long as the English language is spoken, or history records the story of his life.

Neither selfishness nor ambition stained the purpose of his action. He saw duty above law, above constitutions. He lived—whether it be real or fancied, it was, nevertheless, real to him—in constant communion with a spirit that pervaded his soul, and pointed the way of duty. To him duty was a supreme law, binding upon conscience, and every step up his rugged pathway was a round attained on the ladder of life. John Brown is a figure, standing out in bold relief upon the age in which he lived. Upon the scroll of Time, ambition has written “Fame,” in the red ink of human blood, but virtue has traced “Philanthropist,” in letters of living light, over the names of men who, from love to their fellows, have

struggled hard with the dark and stormy tides of man's evil passions ; have given battle to the elements themselves, to bridge the way from the prison-house of bondage to that liberty which God gave the weak, and the strong have wrested from them.

The spectacle of a country growing with a rapidity unequalled in the annals of nations, whose government was pretended to be founded on the broad principles of equality to mankind ; at a race with the demon of human slavery within its own domain, was shameful in the eyes of despotism itself. Such a contest for ascendancy was sure to result in blows.

The most eloquent and intellectual statesmen, from the days of the Revolution down to the election of Abraham Lincoln, had dallied with the national sin ; had compromised the principle of eternal justice to the demands of slavery, and died with ambition unsatisfied, and the record on otherwise stainless lives, blighted and blackened by the polluting contact. Columbia, the figurative goddess of our liberties, encircled her arms, in 1776, around a sisterhood of thirteen States. Year by year the family circle was enlarged, and she welcomed to her ample bosom her new-born children, as members of the national household. Some came with tresses bathed in northern lakes. The solitudes of that immense region known as the West and the Northwest, were broken in upon by the transforming wand of civilization, and became States in the Union. Beyond the wide prairies, and the rocky summits of our western hills, even to the waters of the Pacific, as if by magic, the wilderness had been transformed to gardens of luxury ; and new-born States, glittering with shekels from exhaustless mines of wealth, had knocked at the open door, and joined the family circle. These States came with institutions and laws ; with churches and school-houses ; with intelligent and industrious people, akin to those of the New England States. And it is from New England that those noble pioneers went out who settled nearly all of the great free States, and shaped their policy in their infant days, saved them from the stain and curse of slavery, and sealed them to the cause of freedom.

It was early seen by the men of New England that, comparatively speaking, the East must decrease, whilst the West must increase, in population, wealth, and consequent power. They saw their children plunge into the western wilderness, to make new homes. They knew that proper name of education was likely to be neglected, and that churches and schoolhouses would remain unbuilt in the headlong rush for riches which characterized the age. They knew that steady and vigorous growth, when education kept step with civilization, was scarcely to be expected.

They saw and knew that the system of our government, by virtue of the elective franchise, was only safe in the hands of intelligent men.

That, when that great portion of our country should become rich and densely populated, and questions of vital importance to the nation and the world were to be passed upon, the unfriendly voice of the West, or an ignorant populace, would drown the voice of New England, and imperil the welfare of the nation. And right nobly have the rich men of the East given of their substance and wealth to the founding of colleges and schools; to sustaining and building churches: and this vast work has not been done by the rich alone. No, for a hundred years past, the men, women, and children of the East have gathered in, and sent all over the West, the means to educate the people. "Education! Education! Education!" has been the unceasing voice of New England; for she knew that education was not only the chart and compass to the ship of state, but the sheet-anchor of safety, when the storm should come. And oh, how well the work was done! For, when the demon of slavery struck the union of these States, and sought to cleave asunder the temple of our liberties, it was no uncertain voice which answered the call to arms of the president from these great States of the Union. When the nation had walked through blood for four years, slavery went down and out forever, at the mouth of northern cannon; at the point of the bayonet, in the hands of Union soldiers. The old ship of state, freighted with great interest of mankind, torn and racked, rested at last in the haven of peace, and then our hearts went up to our God,—the God of the slave,—that our fathers had made her keel of oak, and her ribs of steel!

If God, in his providence, ever scourged a people for sin, he did ours. And oh, to-day, as we stand above the dead years of the dying century, with faces turned to the unfolding cycle, where are those who thought to save the Union of the American people with the unbroken shackles of five million bondmen? Until President Lincoln, as a necessity of war, and as an act of justice to the slave, decreed emancipation, the battle was against us; but when the sword smote the leprous curse of the nation, and the clank of falling chains was heard from Texas to Maryland, the South waned, and the North waxed strong, for justice was satisfied, and the God of our fathers was in the battle. There is peace at home, peace at the South, peace and quiet on the green banks of the Potomac, peace on a hundred battle-fields, peace in the graves of a million men who sleep in death, as the noble sacrifice of the people for a nation's sin. With all its cost of sorrow, toil, suffering, bloodshed, and loss of life and treasure, who would have the work undone which saved the nation to itself, to the world, and to God?

We are free at last from national sin; and, as we gird our loins, and bury the dead past, with its bitterness and errors, we lay our hands to the industries of life, and study the ways of peace, and the good-will of all mankind.

Now that a hundred years have passed, and we here take breath upon the threshold of another, what is the record of the waning century of our great work, as one among the nations of the world? We have not done our best, and yet we blush not for tasks we have accomplished.

We started with advantages which others could not have. We started at the crowning-point of the age in arts and sciences; with the wisdom of the past for our guidance, and the raw material at hand, to be shaped at will, for future purposes.

The growth of men from barbarism to civilization, in the full enjoyment of what our fathers possessed at starting, is never accomplished in a single life, unless at infancy the child is transplanted from the forest of ignorance into the garden of civilization and learning. And even then, it is seldom that wild stock will bear the pruning and culture incident to such change, to make it productive of fruit. It has taken six thousand years for man to grow from nakedness and destitution to the superior being we now find him, of science, art, refinement, law, government, comfort, and abundance of intellectual discipline and literary culture.

This nation is cosmopolitan. No other nation of the world, in this respect, resembles it. The crossing of the higher types of mankind has been found to increase the vigor of its physical and intellectual growth. The result of such commingling of the races and nationalities is not within the ken of human vision.

A hundred years presage a future in which America shall produce a people superior to any the world has ever seen! Few drones have come to this busy hive of men. The restless and dissatisfied with the sluggishness of the Old World come here, and find the field for mechanical, scientific, and intellectual labor, ample for their wishes. And the result has been that, in the hundred years past, with a population increasing from 300,000 to 4,500,000, against 1,200,000,000 on the rest of the globe, more than half of the really great discoveries in mechanics and arts are credited to the American people. The stupendous architecture of Egypt, the exquisite statuary of Greece, and the unrivalled paintings of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Correggio, and Titian, have not been equalled here.

The bent of American genius has been more particularly directed to the labor-saving means that mechanism affords; and yet the fine arts are not neglected, and the future is auspicious with bright promises for American artists.

The Pyramids of Egypt still frown above the ashes of a people whose history was ancient when Abraham drove his flocks to the green banks of the Nile. No people has equalled the Egyptians in the massiveness, grandeur, or durability of their structures. "They combined sculpture with architecture, and grouped their Colossi and avenues of Sphinxes

into parts of one great design. They used historical paintings, fading, by insensible degrees, into hieroglyphics on the one hand, and sculpture on the other, linking the whole together with the highest class of phonetic utterance, and with the most brilliant coloring; thus harmonizing all these arts into one great whole, unsurpassed by anything the world has ever seen, during the three thousand years which have passed since the brilliant days of the Pharaohs."

These monuments of art still stand in awful grandeur, the relics of past ages, whilst Isis and Osiris, and the people who worshipped them, have disappeared in the unbreaking night of ages past.

We live in what may appropriately be called the Iron Age, although it is said to have long since passed. "Iron is reason's right hand; the use of it is the handmaid of art, and the mother of civilization." It is the indispensable instrument in the hands of genius to advance the conditions of mankind, and is perceptibly binding nations into more harmonious relations with each other.

A nation's civilization is gauged by its attainments in arts and sciences. Its wealth expands as they increase.

The temple of science had its foundation at creation's dawn. Its base is as broad as the universe, and its dome pierces the realms of infinity. Its intricate chambers are stored with unperishing riches. We are commanded to unlock her hidden mysteries, and bring them to the knowledge of man. We are as yet at the steps of the portal. As man ascends the winding stairway, he is lost in the maze of wonders that open to his senses; and the trump which sounds the knell of time, will find him far below the pinnacle that completes the structure.

This is a nation of peace. It is our policy to disband armies, and reduce our navy to the lowest degree consistent with safety. Whilst studying the arts of peace, we have sought diligently for that knowledge which elevates and blesses our race.

God has poured wealth upon us in ample abundance and increasing streams. In 1850, the nation's wealth aggregated \$7,135,780,228; in 1860, \$16,150,616,668; and, in 1870, it amounted to the enormous sum of \$30,068,518,507.

The imposing grandeur of this nation, its broad domain, its wealth, intelligence, and population, founded upon the broad principles of democracy, has not been without its effects upon the world at large. Power commands respect, and an intelligence *will* enforce it.

As a nation, it is our policy to follow the sagacious advice of Washington, in his farewell address to his countrymen, and to beware of entangling alliances.

But it is not becoming to a humane people to close their eyes to the wants of others. The American people, as individuals, cannot fairly be

charged with lack of sympathy to any cry of distress. Sympathy is cheap, and should characterize our conduct as a nation.

Our sympathy, as a nation, should not be hidden from the knowledge of the world, when the weak and oppressed are struggling for their rights against impositions of the strong. A kind face, to one in distress, is like breaking sunlight in the darkness of night.

Almost within sight of our shores, for years past, the island of Cuba has been the scene of horrible butcheries, perpetrated by brutal commanders upon prisoners taken from the patriots struggling to free that island from the oppressive dominion of Spain.

The faces of those patriots have long been turned to us; and it would seem that humanity, if not policy, called for some emphatic expression from this nation, in regard to the course pursued towards the prisoners there taken by the Spanish forces. That influence which comes from our conscious strength, has everywhere weakened the force of despotism. We are cordially disliked by the great mass of English aristocracy. Much as slavery is distasteful to them, when the bloody work of carving a Southern Confederacy out of the American Union was being tried, where was the sympathy of that great freedom-loving people, the aristocracy of England?

They knew that human slavery was the corner-stone of the proposed nation at the South, and still the controlling voice of England was with them, from the beginning to the end of the contest.

They permitted cruisers to be built, and go out to ravage our commerce on the seas, and we fought English cannon and rifles' in the Confederate army. The Geneva award is a complete justification of our arraignment of England, but is a small compensation for the actual injury she inflicted.

The effort of the late Emperor of France to establish an empire on the ruins of a sister republic, was as rash a folly as to seek to bolster his tottering throne by conquest across the Rhine. We love the French, as our old friends in the hour of need, and we revere the memory of Lafayette, as a champion of our liberties, and a bosom-friend of the Father of his Country. In a hundred years France has been a kingdom, a republic, an empire, a kingdom, a republic, an empire, and now a republic again. We sympathetically and sincerely say for that noble, yet war-ridden nation, "Long live the Republic!"

Russia, our old and honored friend, has been with us at heart in darkest hours. Her emperor has shown to the world that "the pen is mightier than the sword," and his fiat, justice to the enslaved, has liberated every serf in his empire. We have witnessed, with deepest sorrow, the defeat of the Hungarians in their patriotic efforts to regain a national supremacy; and, although overcome by superior force, the wisdom of

Austria is being shown, in elevating her to more equable relations with that empire.

The vast achievement of this nation, in connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific Ocean by railway communication, has seemingly changed the great Celestial Empire, in her commercial relations, from the east to the western part of our globe. The barriers which China and Japan, for so many centuries, interposed to intercourse with other nations, have been, in a great degree, broken down, and 400,000,000 of people can now look beyond the limits of those immense empires.

The English should be our best and warmest friends. They have with us a common language, and common interests, which should perpetuate our amicable relations. Take them all in all, they are the noblest people on earth, and have done more, by reason of their superior intelligence, indomitable perseverance, and great enterprise, for the world at large, than any other nation on the globe. Proud as she is, her pride should not do violence to her better judgment, if her offspring shall speedily surpass her in all that ennobles a nation and makes it great. Commerce is the far-reaching arm of nations. It has penetrated the ramifications of distant seas, and, in exploring the habitations of the heathen for merchandise, is making conquests for civilization among the most benighted of mankind.

From an infant people, of small beginning, on the Atlantic coast, in a century we have strided a continent. The murmurings of primeval forests have been stilled by the woodman's axe, or drowned in the din of unceasing industries. We have not only made the subtle lightning obedient to our will, but the speaking-trump between men and nations. Our commercial arms are commingling our products with those of the nations of the East. They have laid hold upon the wealth of the Celestial Empire in the West, and our broad domain has become as well a great central mart, as a bridgeway to the commercial world. We are youthful, healthy, and strong.

We are living in the golden age of reason. Never, since the Almighty gave the earth to man, has the dominion of reason so completely subjected matter to his will. What is our destiny, and what shall be the culmination of our growth? Nations grow old and pass away, and others build upon their ruins; but this nation should live as long as the earth is the habitation of man. We are one people, with a common language and common interests. We possess a vast domain, dividing the great waters of the earth, ample for a population equal to that of the entire globe.

The present is ours, the future is God's. Let us build with care upon the foundations our fathers laid; and let our children, forever, woo wisdom and virtue, as goddesses twined the love of men and nations.

Great nations have culminated in their growth, degenerated from their once proud eminence in culture, science, and art, and naught remains but the awful silence of the solitude above the deep-buried ruins, once the sites of ancient empires, where millions of men had habitations of grandeur. Their commerce decayed; their arts died; trade rotted, for men became corrupt, lapsed into effeminacy, and nations passed into oblivion. Shall that same decay which blotted out them, seize upon us, and darkness settle down on all our hills? Shall mighty cities crumble to earth, and ruin and desolation cover our vast domain? No, my countrymen, let it not be so. Let the fabric of our liberties, growing in increasing grandeur as years glide past, be, next to the love of God, the idol of our hearts. Let justice, equity, liberty, equality, wisdom, frugality and virtue, be the priceless jewels of our people forever, and our star of empire will glow with surpassing splendor in the firmament of nations, when God shall summon nations and men from the labors of earth, at the end of time.

CENTENNIAL ORATION.

BY GEO. A. HOADLEY.

[Delivered at the Celebration in Sheffield, June 19, 1876.]

“From the dark portals of the Star Chamber, and in the stern acts of uniformity, the Pilgrims received a commission more efficient than any that ever bore the royal seal. Their banishment to Holland was fortunate; the decline of their little company in the strange land was fortunate; the difficulties which they experienced in obtaining the royal consent to banish themselves to this wilderness, were fortunate; all the tears and heart-breakings of that ever-memorable parting at Delfthaven, had the happiest influence on the rising destinies of New England. All this purified the ranks of the settlers. These rough touches of fortune brushed off the light, uncertain, selfish spirits. They made it a grave, solemn, self-denying expedition, and required of those who engaged in it, to be so, too. They cast a broad shadow of thought and seriousness over the cause; and, if this sometimes deepened into melancholy and bitterness, can we find no apology for such a human weakness?”

From time immemorial, slight causes have been productive of the greatest effects; but where, in the story of all time, can you point to a beginning apparently so small, that has so materially affected the interests of humanity?

A floating village, of a hundred and one souls, comes buffeting the waves, and presents itself to the forbidding shores of Massachusetts. Turn the pages of history, and tell me what promise this child of adversity gives of growth to a perfect manhood? How long will it be before this little company will be cut off by the many savage tribes which surround it? Was it hunger? Was it sickness and want? Was it the dread severity of the cold? Was it the pitiless storm of winter, beating upon the defenceless heads of women and children? Was it one, or all of these combined, that conspired to bring this forlorn hope of colonization to its destruction? And is it possible that all this could not extinguish the spark of liberty that dawned upon free America?

Yes, that spark lived, though life itself were gone; and we, in whose veins flows the blood of the Pilgrims, stand here to-day as living proofs of its existence.

Puritanism has been defined as "Religion struggling for the people," and even its enemies were compelled to say that "its absurdities were the shelter for the noble principles of liberty." Its establishment in our land, thus in its infancy, was but the beginning of these noble principles that have passed from the uncertain attempts of childhood to the unshaken conviction that experience gives to mature life. To establish these principles, required men of bold bearing and original conceptions. Such men were not wanting among the colonists. Such a man was Miles Standish, their military leader. Being a soldier in his education, and by his preference, he met the Indians in the only way that could be effectual: ready to make peace with them at any time, he did not hesitate to return their attacks with such boldness and vigor, that his name, of all others in the colony, became a terror to them.

Gov. Bradford was also eminent for his determination and energy; for, when Canonieus, Sachem of the Narragansetts, sent a bundle of arrows, wrapped in the skin of a rattlesnake, as a token of his defiance, Bradford stuffed the same skin with powder and ball, and returned it. The superstitious savages were filled with terror at the unknown danger which their vivid imaginations pictured to them, and the dreaded charm passed from hand to hand, until at last it returned to Plymouth.

Volumes have been written, and many will yet be written, concerning the birth-time of our country, its customs, habits, dress, speech, and, above all, its lasting principles of right, of which these were only the legitimate fruits.

On all points, except religion and morality, the Puritans held to individual freedom; but, having been persecuted for these at home, it is not at all strange that they should compel those who came to them, to the same strictness of observance as themselves. But this strictness brought with it its reward, and this purity of morals completed the picture of colonial happiness.

A record of the time tells us that one might dwell there, from year to year, and not see a drunkard, or hear an oath, or meet a beggar. The consequence was universal health, one of the chief elements of public happiness, while the average duration of life, compared with that in Europe, was doubled. The strictness of the Puritans was also noted among the other colonies which sprang up on the eastern coast. A story is told of an itinerant preacher, who, while preaching at Portsmouth, reminded the people that, as they had come thither for the purpose of free worship, they ought to be very religious. "Sir, you are quite mistaken," was the reply; "you think you are speaking to the people of Massachusetts Bay. Our main end is to catch fish."

Within the first fifteen years, which time included almost all the emigration from England, there came over four thousand families. Their

descendants are now not less than five millions. Each family has increased on the average to more than a thousand souls. Besides constituting almost the entire population of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Vermont, and Rhode Island, they make up more than one-half the inhabitants of New York and Ohio, and have representatives, worthy of them, in every State and Territory of the Union. Poets have loved to sing the praises of chivalry, and historians to eulogize its virtues and benefits; but Puritanism has been more beneficial to mankind. If it was sectarian, Chivalry was dissolute. The knights were brave from gallantry; the Puritans, from fear of God. The knights were proud of loyalty; the Puritans, of liberty. But the golden age of Puritanism has passed away. Time has softened its asperities, hidden its dangers, and added new lustre to its undying virtues.

If we could have stood on the summit of Mount Everett, one hundred and fifty years ago to-day, our gaze would have rested upon an unbroken wilderness; both hill and valley, mountain and plain, would have presented the picture of a sea of living green, whose silence was unbroken, save by the sharp twang of the bow, as it sent the arrow on its mission of death, or the dismal howling of the wolf, as he vented his hatred to all things living.

On a beautiful afternoon in June, 1725, a daughter of Obadiah Noble—the first white woman that came into town—reached Sheffield from Westfield, having travelled the distance, forty miles, on horseback. Her father had spent the previous winter here among the Indians, and, on the approach of summer, went to bring his daughter, who was then but sixteen years old. Many years have passed since the soul of this daring woman has been called to solve the mysteries of the Great Unknown, but the spirit which actuated her lives with us to-day; and there are many earnest women in the company before me, who would gladly endure all the danger and weariness through which she was called to pass, could they give to freedom a greater birthright, and to womanhood a nobler name.

I have spoken of the healthfulness of the colonies: let me cite an example of longevity, which is to be found in our own town. Another daughter of Mr. Noble married Ebenezer Smith, but died in a short time, leaving one child. This child Mr. Smith took in a basket, which a squaw wove for him, on horseback, to his father's home, in Westfield. Some time after his return he married Sarah Shaler, who lived to the advanced age of one hundred and two years and four months; her daughter, Sarah Marvin, lived to be ninety-two; her granddaughter, Lydia Trowbridge, died in her ninety-third year, and two of her great granddaughters are with us to-day, having attained the honorable ages of eighty-five and eighty-seven years. This is not an isolated case, but

one of many; and I need give no names to recall to every one of you the memory of those pioneers of our town, whose descendants fill an honorable place in our midst, or lead the van in other and newer sections of the land.

To ask why did the Revolution break out, is like asking, why does a boy become a man? If the boy lives, can he help it? The so-called causes of the Revolution were only developments of that which was in the very nature of things; and the Declaration of Independence was but the natural sequel to the compact signed in the cabin of the *Mayflower*. At the beginning of the alienation of the colonies, nothing was further from the minds of the people than separation from the mother-country. Like all monopolists, England feared even so unpretending a rival as America then formed, and sought to retard its development, by suppressing manufactures and commerce, at every point. Heavy expenditures having been incurred in the old French and Indian war, it was decided that the colonies should help pay the debt. But the colonists were not represented in parliament, and they held that "taxation, without representation, is tyranny." These oppressive taxes induced a great deal of smuggling, and the royal collector might frequently be seen searching private houses for smuggled goods. At the General Court, at Boston, James Otis eloquently denounced these acts: "To my dying day," said he "I will oppose, with all the powers and faculties God has given me, all such instruments of slavery on the one hand, and villany on the other." "Then and there," writes John Adams, "the trumpet of the Revolution was sounded."

The Stamp Act—which required that all legal documents should be executed on paper bearing an English stamp, of the value of from three pence to six pounds, and that all newspapers and pamphlets should pay a corresponding tax—now went into operation. Soldiers were also sent to enforce the law, and the colonists were ordered to provide for their sustenance. The announcement of these obnoxious laws aroused the land in every direction. The Assembly of Virginia, being in session at the time, Patrick Henry, the youngest member of the House, hastily drew up, on the leaf of an old book, a series of resolutions denying the right of parliament to tax the colonies. These were presented, accompanied by a speech burning with patriotism, in which he said: "Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles I his Cromwell, and George III"—here he paused until the cry of treason, which had arisen from several parts of the House, had subsided—"may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it."

Associations, which took the name of "Sons of Liberty," met under the Liberty-Tree, on Boston Common, to express their indignation. At Portsmouth, a coffin inscribed, "Liberty, aged 145 years," was borne

to an open grave, with solemn tread, attended by muffled drums; minute guns were fired, the grave was reached, the funeral oration was pronounced, the coffin lowered, when suddenly signs of life were said to be discovered. The coffin was raised, a new inscription, "Liberty Revived," was put upon it, bells rang, music sounded, and a jubilee ensued. Massachusetts, ever in advance in the works of liberty, issued a call for a convention, to be held in New York. South Carolina endorsed the call; the convention met in October, and voted a declaration of rights and memorials to the king and parliament.

This sturdy opposition caused the Stamp Act to be repealed, but parliament still adhered to the right to tax the colonies. The tax upon tea, which resulted in the famous "Boston tea-party," was not enough to increase its cost materially, but it upheld the very privilege that the colonists denied; and England made a great mistake in thinking that what the colonists decried was the tax.

Boston was considered as the hotbed of the rebellion, and "the king, his ministers, parliament, and all Great Britain, set themselves to subdue this one stubborn little town on the sterile coasts of Massachusetts Bay."

For this purpose General Gage was sent thither, with two regiments of British soldiers. Their entrance, on a quiet Sunday morning, with flags flying and drums beating, roused all the prejudices of a Sabbath-loving people. Meanwhile, stores were being collected at Concord. General Gage determined to seize them, and left Boston secretly, about eleven o'clock in the evening, with eight hundred regulars, for that purpose. But "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," and the movement was hardly begun ere the news was flying far in advance of them, carried by "Paul Revere in his midnight ride:"

"A hurry of hoofs in the village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark;
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark,
Struck out by a steed that flies fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by the steed in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat."

The news of the fight at Lexington reached Sheffield on the 20th, about noon, and the next morning, at sunrise, the regiment of Southern Berkshire, commanded by our townsman, Colonel, afterwards General, John Fellows, was on its way to the scene of action. We have only to turn to the story of Bunker Hill, to learn how these men fought for their liberty and homes. Ticonderoga, Crown Point, Trenton, Princeton!—all these places are rendered dear to us by the blood spilled there, which sealed for us the bond of security and peace, in this beautiful valley of the Housatonic.

On the 6th of July, 1774, a convention of several towns of the county was held at Stockbridge, in which Sheffield was well represented. One has only to read the resolutions of that convention, to feel the deep under-current of patriotism which pervaded the whole country. Then came the town-meeting, that we so much honor this day.

"At a legal town-meeting of the inhabitants of the town of Sheffield, on Tuesday, June 18th, 1776, it was put to vote whether the inhabitants of the S^d town of Sheffield, should the Hon^{ble} Continental Congress in their wisdom think prudent, and for the interest and safety of the American colonies to declare S^d colonies independent of the Kingdom of G^t Britain, they, the inhabitants of S^d Sheffield, will solemnly engage with their lives and fortunes to support them in their measures. Voted in the Affirmative. Two dissenting only."

Well done, old town! The Revolutionary Fathers did not disgrace the pioneers; and, had the same question been reserved for our decision, we would not disgrace them. One thing that our forefathers possessed to so great an extent that it nearly amounted to a cardinal virtue, was, *grit*. That unconquerable spirit of perseverance that rendered those things that would have been unsurmountable barriers to others, only slight obstacles in their pathway. How they toiled! The mandate, "By the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread," was to them no idle threat, but a stern reality. The wilderness was to be won from the domain of the wild beast and the savage, and made a fit dwelling-place for the noblest work of God. Their work was one of years, but the forest soon fell beneath the sturdy stroke of the axe; and the denizens of the wood, bereft of its protection, eagerly fled at the approach of civilization. As the work of laying the corner-stones of our nation was one of muscle and brain, so is the work of improving and beautifying the superstructure to be one of brain and muscle. The same elements are required in the work now, as were used then, but they have changed places. The chief labor, then, was manual; now, it is intellectual. Looking back through the dim vista of years, we can read the story of all time, and it tells us that the most indelible impress is that made by the intellect, and the culture attained in its use. We stand here to-day, and calmly read this story, but time passes on, and gray heads and bowed forms will soon be replaced by those who now are in the prime of life. What work we do, must be done quickly, and, to be lasting, it must be brain-work.

It is every seeker after refined culture whom Shakespeare leads into that storm-tossed region, the human soul. It was all mankind that Byron thrilled anew with his passionate poetry. It was for all Christian readers that Southey interwove, with the heathen fable, such bright threads of the Christian faith. And it is for every one that the refining influences of literary culture form the stepping-stones to higher planes

of happiness in life. Kings and nations have long sought to solve the intricate problem of government. Dynasties have sprung into being, led on by some indomitable will; have increased their rule at the expense of others, and, in their turn, have been swallowed up by some more powerful demagogue.

But our government is like our noble old Elm. Look how its roots reach deep into the soil for nourishment! See its trunk, ribbed and bound together as with iron bands! The wintry storms of adversity only serve to lay up new stores for its more rapid growth, when the sun of prosperity shines upon it in full vigor. Mark how the thick limbs spread out to bear the branches, twigs, and leaves to the open sunlight and free air. In its roots, I see the eternal truths that founded our nation. In its trunk, the Union itself, in which there is lasting strength. In its spreading branches, the several States, and we may call ourselves its foliage.

BRIEF SKETCH OF THE REMARKS OF

WILLIAM G. BATES, OF WESTFIELD.

[Intended to have been made at the Sheffield Centennial.]

It seems to me that none of the speakers have given to the men of Sheffield in June, 1776, the approbation that was their due. In my opinion, they have failed to appreciate, fully, the circumstances in which those persons were situated. Let us briefly recall them. Sheffield was not then the beautiful and flourishing town that it now is, but it was a frontier town, recently incorporated, and was better known as the Lower Housatonic Proprietary, than by its corporate name of Sheffield. Its inhabitants were few in number, living in different parts of the town, and the small settlements in the county were still smaller in their concentrated force.

Westfield, its parent town, was its nearest neighbor on the east; and though a road had been purchased by Colonel Ashley from the Indians, two miles in width, to connect the two towns, yet it was merely a bridle-path for the whole distance.

It will be recollected, that, though hostilities had been kept up for a year between the colonies and the mother-country, still there had been no general idea of a final separation. The subject had been discussed, as a mooted question, but there were few persons who had determined *that it was a thing to be!* When Patrick Henry made his eloquent speech in the House of Burgesses, he thundered his eloquence into unwilling ears; and, but for the enthusiasm and influence of the Adamses, it is probable that the Declaration of July 4th would have been longer delayed.

It was just prior to this Declaration, that the wish was expressed in Congress to hear the sentiments of the people upon this momentous

question; and at once, without time to take counsel, with no opportunity to consult with other towns, and feel the pulse of the rest of the commonwealth, the inhabitants of this scattered frontier town met to deliberate upon this great national question.

The words of the vote indicate the calm deliberation of the people. They were not the rash expressions of a Falstaff and a Captain Bobadil, to be uttered, and taken back on the approach of danger, but the deliberate sentiments of a body of men who weighed what they said, in calmness and coolness, and who submitted to the Representatives in Congress, who knew, better than they could know, the extent and the strength of the popular feeling of the colonies; and they were prepared to abide by the decision to which Congress should come. It was, therefore, an act of well-considered, deliberate bravery; and it evidenced the existence of a spirit of heroism in the men of this sparsely-populated frontier town, of which no brighter example is recorded in history.

I have been requested to speak of the "Ashleys," one of whom, Colonel John Ashley, was from Westfield, one of the settlers of Sheffield, one of the judges of the court for a long period, and whose son, General John Ashley, was an efficient officer at a critical period succeeding the Revolution, during the Shays' Rebellion.*

Just before the close of the rebellion, the period of enlistment of his troops expired, and they were preparing to leave the army and return to their homes.

The General—for he had no means at his command for retaining them—determined to try the effect of his eloquence. Accordingly, he ordered them to parade, and then advanced to address them. He reminded them of the situation of the country: a portion of the inhabitants in arms against a paternal government; a force of patriotic citizens, with arms in their hands, prepared to crush them, and sustain the government; the expiration of their enlistment; the rumor that a portion of them were preparing to disband and return to their homes, now just at the very time when success was within their grasp. But, he continued, if there were any cowards in his command; any weak and timorous men, who did not dare to stay and face the enemy, they were at liberty to retire; he did not want any cowards to stay with the brave men who were to stay with him, and win the gratitude of the country. "Accordingly," he said, "I am going to see who are the brave men, and who are the cowards among you. I wish you to give me your attention. When I give the word, 'Shoulder arms,' let every brave man bring his musket promptly to his shoulder, and let every coward slink back out of the ranks." He stopped a moment to discover the effect of his

* The above facts were given me by some of the venerable inhabitants of Sheffield and Ashley Falls, who are now dead.

eloquence, then drew his sword, and added, with a strong oath: "But, remember, that I'll run the first man through the body that leaves the ranks! Attention, fellow-soldiers! Shoulder arms!" Every man's musket sprung to the shoulder, and not a soldier broke the ranks. Whether the result was owing to the eloquence of the General, or to his significant action at its conclusion, did not appear, but the soldiers remained with him to squelch the rebellion in the county of Berkshire.

When General Ashley became assured of the patriotic determination of his troops, he proceeded firmly and vigorously to enforce the power of the government. Pursuing the policy that was enjoined upon him, he resorted to parley, and almost to entreaty, in order to induce his misguided countrymen to return to their allegiance. At last, however, his efforts became unavailing.

The reluctance which had restrained him from using his power upon them, was attributed to a fear of the consequences; and an attack was made upon his force. He then saw that the time for energetic action had come, and at last he issued that famous order, which has made his name famous: "Pour in your fire, my boys, and may God have mercy on their souls."

Should any person desire to read a thrilling story of the incidents of these times, he will find them related in one of the *Annals*, published some thirty years ago. The tale was written by Miss Catherine Sedgwick.

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

OF THE

TOWN OF SHEFFIELD,

BERKSHIRE CO., MASS.

JUNE 18TH AND 19TH, 1876.

BY THE SECRETARIES OF THE COMMITTEE APPOINTED BY THE TOWN.

SHEFFIELD.

1876.

H 65 78



FEB 78



N. MANCHESTER,
INDIANA

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 110 744 6

